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The Editors
MANUFACTURING LIFE

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JULY 4, 1980

Richard B. DuBoff

The new conservative economics

WHAT IT ASSUMES
WHAT IT IGNORES

ERNEST W. RANLY

Questions for the pope

DENNIS O'BRIEN

Sartre: the man who said no

JOHN GARVEY

The voice of Blume

ALSO: THOMAS POWERS **THE CITIZEN ARMY,** WILLIAM LEE MILLER **WHITE HOUSE PILLARS** DESMOND FISHER **MR. HAUGHEY'S CONVERSION,** BOOKS, LETTERS

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Correspondence

So who is Mary Gordon?

Seattle, Wash.

To the Editors: Aw, c'mon, *Commonweal*! Have you guys quit writing the good stuff so early in the year? So who is Mary Gordon and how does she rate four pages of good space for an interview in your magazine [May 9]? I read her book *Final Payments* and was not impressed. It says nothing, to me, about being a Catholic. I did not find her interview very interesting or enlightening either. Please, *Commonweal* staff, don't go to sleep on your faithful readers! You can come up with something better than that.

CAROL McHUGH

High class education

Staten Island, N.Y.

To the Editors: J. M. Cameron's article, "The Idea of a Liberal Education" [Apr. 11], using Newman's *The Idea of a University*, as a vade mecum, has the English gentleman as the ideal product of that education. He agrees that the gentleman, "is not the highest product of the Christian culture," but that this education produced, "a certain grace and polish and flexibility of mind." But in the 19th century, not enough to make him free of anti-Catholic bias.

The Renaissance in Italy, France, Germany, Spain, and the Netherlands produced liberally educated individuals who were gentlemen, equally polished and equally worldly. They and their descendants, with the British, would soon divide the world, manifesting their leadership, and satisfying their avarice among lesser educated people.

These same gentlemen, of the fine schools in England, were in India, Egypt, all of Africa and Asia, in Ireland, China, Burma, Singapore, et al, evidencing their ability to run things, and at the same time exploiting these areas, and slaughtering when necessary, for the glory of the Empire, and for the increased riches and prestige of that nation, and their class. They doubtless provided the leaders. Their place of wealth and privilege in the nation, and their education, gave many of them the opportunity for leadership. How much the liberal education, in itself, adduced to this quality, and how much it can be separated from their wealth and privilege, and class, is not known.

Liberal education in England at that time was class education, in exclusive schools, based upon wealth, and using the classics, an acquired accent, manners and deportment to perpetuate and to solidify a class society. It produced two nations, which differences could not be bridged except through acquiring money, and by sending one's children to these schools, to be educated to another class. That situation exists today to a lesser degree. It has prompted the unions and many of the working class to try to modify and to mitigate what they believe are the pernicious effects of this system, by doing away with the exclusive public schools which they feel perpetuate a class society. The leaders of the British nation, of all parties, Labor as well as Tory and Liberal, have been drawn overwhelmingly, with few exceptions, from the exclusive public schools, and most Parliamentarians come from the same selective club and class.

All higher formal education, in some sense, is class education. It seeks to advance certain individuals and groups, and it does so by setting arbitrary standards for those who are to become the leaders and professionals in society; and it excludes others, generally the lower classes and the poor, from becoming leaders or professionals, except in egregious cases and through genius, chance, or extraordinary effort.

JOHN BRANIGAN

Pope & politics

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I have a vision of history that has recently given me no rest:

Cardinal Richelieu succeeded, after exacting labors, in curbing and destroying the political power of the French Huguenots—*whereupon* the pope averred that the clergy must free themselves from politics.

The Spanish hierarchy insisted, in a public pronouncement, in seeing Franco's revolt, unleashing the Spanish Civil War, as more or less a Christian crusade—whereupon the pope forbade the clergy to take part in politics.

The prelate who headed the Catholic chaplaincy in Hitler's army, abetted by several distinguished clerics, gave Hitler's war aims the plash of baptismal grace, and implied un-Christian traitorousness in those who might oppose them—*whereupon* the pope insisted that priests have no business in politics.

Father Josef Tiso, as President of the Fascist state of Slovakia, began to lay the groundwork for handing over tens of thousands of Jews to the Nazi extermination squads—whereupon the pope wondered publicly, out loud, whether after all the clergy should really be trusted with final solutions—and politics.

Father Drinan, an American Jesuit, sought as a Congressman to somewhat expiate clerical heinousnesses of the past by a peace-oriented, humanitarian legislative record, that showed itself conciliatory to other suasions and beliefs—whereupon the pope *applauded* (for a change) the role of certain priests in politics. The pope said it was about time the damning shame of the clerical monster was going to be publicly balanced by an image of clerical compassion.

Alas, for unreal visions in a world still very much the same.

NORRIS MERCHANT

Amazon genocide

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: I was very moved to read Robert Wasserstrom's article,

(Continued on page 414)

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THE MANUFACTURE OF LIFE

THERE WERE two reactions to the Supreme Court's decision allowing man-made microbes to be patented like any other "new and useful . . . manufacture." The first was the science writer's stock-in-trade about getting closer to the secrets of the universe: gee whiz with just a dash, a small *frisson*, of anxiety. The second was the admonition of cooler heads: it was, they rightly pointed out, only a technical point in law, whether or not the patent statute of 1793 applied to living things. Though the case before the Supreme Court had nothing to do with recombinant DNA technology, it was widely recognized that the new gene-splicing techniques might soon be producing a flood of microbial "inventions."

Several years ago, when recombinant DNA techniques were first being developed, there were widespread fears of new life forms that might "escape" from laboratories with incalculably horrible consequences. Pioneering researchers in the area were themselves the first to call for a research moratorium, at least until scientists could discuss the matter and settle upon safeguards. The scientists quickly got cold feet once it became clear that various representatives of the public, from the Cambridge city council to various U.S. senators, thought that it was the public's responsibility, and not just the scientific community's, to oversee these developments. In fact, the public's fears—insofar as there was much public awareness of the problem at all—were probably exaggerated; but the principle of public oversight, and not simply professional self-policing, was a sound one. It was sharply attacked, however, by science lobbyists; and regulation of research was soon outpaced by the swift movement of the whole field from publicly supported university labs to private industries.

The private, commercial development of new life forms is both promising and worrisome. The promise comes from the rapid technological progress that entrepreneurship on this scale seems to achieve, at least as exemplified by the electronics and microchip industries. The worries arise from questions of equity (the new private industry is based on earlier research paid for by taxes), from questions of safety (the original issue about unwisely admitting new organisms into the environment), and from questions about the inevitable tendencies of commercial development (emphasis on secrecy, responsiveness only to market forces). It is interesting to note that the regulation of gene-splicing was opposed only a short while ago as interference with the free and autonomous conduct of science, while today the *New York Times* reports, "The industrial potential of many gene-splicing products has already had an effect on academic research. Many molecular biologists at universities have ties to industrial concerns. . . . Some scientists . . . have become cautious in talking about their studies at scientific meetings because . . . they may jeopardize their chances in the race for commercial applications."

The combination of scientific ambition and a ready market is obviously a potent

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one, and if one believed in Adam Smith's "invisible hand" assuring that the social consequences would always be beneficial, we could relax and rejoice. Lacking that confidence, we are still hard put to offer social guidance for the development of technologies, even when they touch on the springs of life itself. The federal Ethics Advisory Board that considered the issue of human *in vitro* fertilization and embryo transfer (popularly known as "test-tube babies") could only issue a faint-hearted report approving government funding in this area, partially because "the procedures may soon be in use in the private sector" anyway and therefore government involvement "might help to resolve questions of risk and avoid abuse. . . ." (HEW secretary Patricia Harris has more recently stated that federal funds will *not* support such research, no doubt in view of the political opposition to it.) A Kentucky physician has begun institutionalizing the practice of "surrogate motherhood" in which a woman is artificially impregnated and carries a baby to term for a childless couple. "I'd consider this buying a receptacle," was the judgment of one legal expert on the matter. "It's the father's child; I am simply growing it for him," declares an actual surrogate mother.

Such a bizarre development has nothing *directly* to do with the very real promise of gene-splicing. It does illustrate the difficulty our society has in setting limits when the strong desires of even a few individuals are matched with sufficient money and with scientific or medical eagerness for new "conquests." When the Kentucky physician was asked about the "1984" aspect of promoting surrogate motherhood, he replied breezily, "It's only four years away."

OBERAMMERGAU

"It is vital," said Adolph Hitler, "that the Passion Play be continued at Oberammergau: for never has the menace of Jewry been so convincingly portrayed." The 1980 version, which will be seen by an estimated one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand Americans this summer, has been revised and cut in an effort to conform to the Vatican's *Guidelines on Religious Relations with Jews*. Mayor Ernst Zwink and the town council, which owns the copyright to the play, tried hard to remove the most obvious slanders—and yet no amount of cosmetic surgery on the text could exorcise the anti-Semitic conceptual structure of the play.

Town council members, some of them at least, were perplexed and frustrated when a recent delegation from the American Jewish Committee, after viewing the performance on May 25th, found it "undoubtedly one of the most anti-Semitic presentations shown anywhere." "But this is our gospel," protested one of the council members. Undoubtedly it is, and it is appalling that for thousands of American as well as German Christians this ahistorical and Manichaean distortion of Christ's last days is the real thing.

It is true that Vatican II and subsequent Vatican guidelines—as the U.S. bishops declared in 1975—"have definitely laid to rest this myth (that Jews were and are collectively guilty of the death of Christ)." It is also true that real progress has been made in rooting out anti-Semitic stereotypes among Catholics. Nonetheless, much of the mythology lingers on at the local level and demands continued educational follow-up to official pronouncements. For those interested in such follow-up, we recommend *Commonweal* contributor John T. Pawlikowski's *What Are They Saying About Christian-Jewish Relations?* (Paulist, $2.95) and the AJC's pamphlet, "What Viewers Should Know About the Oberammergau Passion Play, 1980." Free single copies of the latter are available by writing the American Jewish Committee, 165 E. 56th St., New York, NY 10022.

WORKING PAPERS

While the intellectual world is rightly mourning the demise of *Harper's* magazine, we would like to note an encouraging sign of new life: the reappearance of *Working Papers for a New Society*. Seven years ago, *Working Papers* was established in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a bimonthly that tried to translate radical ideals into practical, constructive proposals. It was, as its editors recognize, "an intellectual success—and very nearly a publishing failure." Now on a firmer financial footing, it is being edited by Bob Kuttner, whose background includes reporting for the *Washington Post*, assisting several congressman, and once serving (under the pen name "Ernest Garvey") as *Commonweal*'s Washington correspondent. From the excellent illustrations in its latest issue, we have borrowed one, by Arnie Levin, for our own cover.

Report from Ireland

AN IRISH SAUL

MR. HAUGHEY IS STRUCK BY MATURITY

A cartoon in a late-May issue of the *Irish Times* had the Irish Taoiseach (Prime Minister) handing a book to his British counterpart, Mrs. Thatcher. The book was titled *The Beginner's Guide to Irish Nationalism*. A few days earlier the two leaders had met in a secret summit for forty-five minutes to discuss the Northern Ireland problem.

The cartoon hit one nail on the head. Mrs. Thatcher is extremely ill-informed on Irish—as on many other—affairs, and is saved from making a mess of things only by her steely determination, good luck and the good sense of aides like Lord Carrington, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr. William Whitelaw, Home Secretary and former Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. The article alongside the cartoon quoted one of her backbenchers as saying that "her ignorance is appalling" on Northern Ireland affairs.

The cartoon was less apposite in its reference to Mr. Haughey's "nationalism." In the Irish context, one must read "nationalism" as "Republicanism" and "Republicanism" as

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"pro-IRA sympathy." Mr. Haughey came to power last December after a bitter split in the ruling Fianna Fail party (founded by Eamon de Valera in 1926) following the resignation of Mr. Jack Lynch. Mr. Lynch had been pushed out by the machinations and disloyalty of a group of party right-wingers who, if they did not support the IRA (and few in Ireland positively do that), wanted a far tougher attitude on the reunification of Ireland than Mr. Lynch was displaying.

Mr. Haughey is their hero. Ten years before, he had been sacked with a colleague from a Cabinet ministry on suspicion of being involved in a conspiracy to import arms illegally for the IRA. The charges were later dismissed in court and Mr. Haughey, by carefully cultivating the party grassroots, worked himself back into favor until he had to be brought back in to a Cabinet post which he used as a platform to secure his way to the leadership of the party and the Premiership. His defeat of the rival Lynch-camp nominee, George Colley, was masterminded by the support of those who believed him still to be an unredeemed "Republican," with all that implies.

In the six months since his election, however, Haughey has built a new image. At the party's annual meeting, he totally repudiated violence as a means of uniting Ireland and condemned the IRA out of hand. In a sentence drowned out by the premature roars of a following who thought they were hearing a much tougher Republican line, he reiterated the moderate approach of Jack Lynch. And at his meeting with Mrs. Thatcher he took a softer line than any previous Fianna Fail leader by publicly accepting that "any change in the Constitutional status of Northern Ireland would only come about with the consent of a majority of the people of Northern Ireland."

Lord Acton may have been right in saying that power corrupts. In Mr. Haughey's case, however, it has brought a maturity and responsibility which have surprised those who supported and those who opposed him alike.

It was, therefore, a very different Charles Haughey who opened a new chapter in Anglo-Irish history in May. The suspected pro-IRA sympathizer had stepped up security against the IRA to the point where Mrs. Thatcher congratulated him on his success. The man who had been expected to preach the gospel of rabid Republicanism had become more moderate than the moderates. A politician who had been seen as likely to exacerbate Anglo-Irish relations to breaking point was now putting his name to a statement that he wished to develop "new and closer political cooperation" with the British. He had agreed to "regular meetings" with the British Prime Minister and both of them had "recorded agreement on the importance they attach to the unique relationship" between the peoples of both countries and on "the need to further this relationship in the interest of peace and reconciliation." "It's a bit like Saul on the road to Damascus in reverse," one of his most bitter former critics said of Mr. Haughey's conversion. "Maybe now he'll start persecuting the IRA."

What has actually happened is less miraculous. Mr. Haughey is, above all else, a realist and a pragmatist. Elected as party leader and Taoiseach in what amounted to a palace revolution, he saw clearly that he was regarded in the country at large with deep suspicion. The role he played in the 1970 "arms crisis," when 100,000 pounds in public money disappeared, reputedly into the IRA's coffers, has never been cleared up.

Commonweal publishes only one issue each month during July and August. The next issue, therefore, will be dated August 1.

So he paid his debts to his supporters through the traditional channels of patronage and then, as his meeting with Mrs. Thatcher showed, turned the political tables on them. To secure his position at home, he adopted the policies which appeal to the mass of voters. Those voters had given Fianna Fail its greatest majority ever in 1977 when under Mr. Lynch it won 84 seats out of the 148 seats in Dail Eireann. Mr. Lynch's mantle was lying around. Mr. Haughey picked it up and and is adjusting his Northern Ireland policies to make it fit. Without any fanfare, with no sign of repentance for past errors, he has abandoned "Republicanism" (by which is meant a policy of uniting Ireland by any means possible) and adopted the Lynch line of seeking Irish reunification by agreement and in peace.

Mr. Haughey's strategy is now becoming clear. First he decided, as he announced at the party's annual meeting in February this year, that "the time has surely come for the two sovereign governments to work together to find a formula and lift the situation onto a new plane." In other words, the Northern Ireland logjam is one which requires joint action by Dublin and London to unstick. Unilateral action by Britain is not enough. Second, he deliberately set out to get on good personal terms with Mrs. Thatcher. The gift he brought to her in London was carefully chosen—a 1794 Irish silver teapot inscribed with part of St. Francis's prayer: "Where there is discord, let there be harmony."

It was an offering which simultaneously recognized Irish craftmanship, recalled the days of the political union of Britain and Ireland and genuflected to Mrs. Thatcher's well-known penchant for domesticity. It was evident from the behavior of the two leaders when the cameramen and journalists were let in that something of a rapport had been established between them. The officials on both sides were delighted with the success of the visit on this plane, even though no one but the two Prime Ministers was present for the crucial tête-à-tête, the outcome of which they kept very much to themselves.

It is still uncertain, therefore, whether Mr. Haughey was as successful in the rest of his strategy as he was on the personal aspect. He wanted to persuade Mrs. Thatcher against a British initiative—one is now being prepared by a special Cabinet subcommittee, under Mr. Whitelaw—which would restore majority rule in Northern Ireland, thus giving Dr. Ian Paisley the premiership for which he is so desirous. Mr. Haughey's line was that any initiative would fail which did not take three dimensions into account: a guaranteed share in government for representatives of the minority Catholic community, cooperation between Northern Ireland and the Republic, and cooperation between the Dublin and London governments. In his press

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conference after the Downing Street talks, he made it clear that any proposal which lacked these dimensions would fail and he could not therefore support it.

The likelihood is, however, that Mrs. Thatcher will go ahead with another effort to restore some form of self-government to Northern Ireland on a majority-rule basis and that it will fail. This will be a blow to Mr. Haughey. He has to face the Irish electorate before June 1982 and he would like to achieve substantial progress on the Northern Ireland issue before he does. Another British failure to solve the problem would harm him at the polls and revive the divisions within the Fianna Fail party.

Irish politics—on both sides of the border—are, therefore, entering a new and perhaps more dangerous stage. The Republican hard-liners have been by-passed in a way that could be achieved only by Mr. Haughey, their erstwhile leader. He has gone further than his predecessor could do (with the Haughey faction at his back) to recognize the veto power Northern Protestants have on Irish reunification. He has made it clear, without specifying the details, that his government will be "surprisingly generous" in accommodating Northern Ireland Protestants' demands for special arrangements and guarantees in any form of closer North-South relationship. He has secured a method—meetings twice a year at Prime Minister level—for closer Anglo-Irish cooperation, an arrangement which is tantamount to British recognition of the Republic's interest in Northern Ireland affairs. If his approach fails, the moderate line will have been discredited and the hard-liners justified.

It has been a journalistic cliché in the last twelve years of the Northern Ireland "troubles" to speak of each new twist in the story as "perhaps the last chance of a solution." It's always risky to be so didactic, especially about situations like that in Northern Ireland, but this time there may be some element of truth in the cliché.

DESMOND FISHER

(Desmond Fisher is Commonweal*'s regular correspondent in Ireland.)*

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

THE CITIZEN ARMY

THE PEOPLE WERE SIMPLY AMAZING

TIME IN THE ARMY is a kind of dead time. It is time plucked from time. It is pure time, all duration without beginning or end. It is the longest distance between two points, a kind of eternal bright, breezeless afternoon on the way to a PX movie theater, or the post library, or the bus depot for a ride into town. The two months I spent in signal school at Ft. Gordon, Georgia, where I was trained to operate antique switchboards, have the expanse in memory of whole decades. I yearned for it to end as prisoners in for twenty to life might urge the creeping minutes to hurry by. I waded through those two months as if waist-deep in water and I doubt life will contain another moment quite like the moment when I changed to civilian clothes and headed for Augusta to fly home.

This was in 1965. I joined the army for National Guard training on February 7, 1965, the day the United States began to bomb North Vietnam, and I was discharged in June. It was the National Guard or the draft, and I chose the Guard because I was in a hurry to get on with life, and two years in the Army, after six years of mostly false starts on the way to a BA, seemed a longer time than I had the patience to live. It had nothing to do with the war, or America's role in the world, or any sense that the military was a kind of organized denial of life. It was the time I begrudged, and the five months the country got seemed a lifetime in passing. A typical story, I expect.

Nothing whatever happened while I was in the army, at least not to me. I had vaguely expected a certain rigor in basic training but Ft. Dix, N.J., in Februrary was a time of upper respiratory infection—everything from the sniffles to pneumonia—and the physical training program was cut back. I don't remember running more than half a mile in one go. A lot of people seemed to gain weight. At the gate to Ft. Dix there was a huge sign reading: "The Home of the Ultimate Weapon"—meaning the combat infantryman. For the most part I remember long lines of ultimate weapons outside the PX, waiting to buy Cokes and Yankee Doodles.

But the people stick in my mind. Charlie P., for example, a black kid from Harlem, the first, and so far the only, I have ever met. He really was black, too, a deep ebony black. I remember being startled by the whiteness of his fingertips and the palms of his hands. He was short and slight with a friendly, open, mischievous character like a puppy's. The sergeants had a tough time getting him to clean his rifle, polish his boots, make his bed, stand at attention. Sergeant Patterson, also black, and perhaps the handsomest man I have ever personally known, would tell him to cut the kidding three times and then march up to him, immaculate and erect in his uniform, bring his face down close to Charlie's, and in a low, malevolent voice say: "P., I want that back *straight*, I want that gut *in*, I want those feet at *exactly* 45 degrees, I want that chin *down*, and I want your face *absolutely blank*." But of course Charlie made a caricature of being at attention.

Everyone smokes in the army because there's nothing to do in the five-minute break every hour except smoke, make jokes, and tell people where you're from. Charlie didn't know where he was from. Until he joined the army, he said, he had never been below 110th Street. He had never been off the island of Manhattan. He had never ridden more than two stops on the subway. He had never been in a taxi. He had never known a white person

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who wasn't a policeman, a school teacher, a fireman, or a Jewish merchant.

One night I was part of a small detail assigned to guard a supply depot for ammunition. The depot was a perfect rectangle in a remote corner of the base, surrounded by a cyclone fence at least twelve feet high and topped with four or five strands of barbed wire. Outside the fence was a path, worn bare by the boots of trainees, and beyond the path was the scrub pine flatland of New Jersey. At the front of the depot, alongside the main road, was a small building which served as guardhouse, with a floodlight by the front door. At the four corners of the depot were other floodlights, but the far corners were so far away the light was lost in the intervening darkness.

It was cloudy that night and the darkness closed in around the depot like the gloom at the bottom of the ocean. We took two-hour turns marching down the path to the far end of the depot, then halfway in to meet the guard coming along the other side. A round trip must have taken half an hour or more, most of it in the pitchdarkness between the floodlights. Richard R., a phlegmatic kid from Yonkers, shared a tour with Charlie. They started off at the same time, down opposite sides of the depot.

After a long while Richard came back looking worried. He said Charlie never showed at the far end. He'd waited but heard nothing. Called out and got no answer. Waited some more, and finally came back to see if anything had gone wrong. We sent him back, waited at our end, peered into the gloom, turned up our collars against the cold, listened, heard nothing whatever. Finally a shape emerged, so slowly it was hard to make out at first. Charlie approached, crouching down, rifle at the ready, but he approached backwards, one short slow cautious step at a time. "Hey, Charlie," we shouted. He whirled around. "Where've you been?" I am forced to report that the whites of Charlie's eyes were round and vivid in the darkness. "There's *things* out there," he said.

Charlie could not be persuaded to resume his tour. He said he was staying in the guardhouse, he was not leaving, we could send him to prison, he didn't care, he'd do KP for life, but he was not going back out into that gloom with the *things*. Of course there was nothing to be done, and somebody else took his place. But Charlie and I talked and he told me two things: he had never before been in the woods at night, and he had never before been alone. Not anywhere, not ever. This was hard for me to grasp.

The people I met in five months in the army were simply amazing. There was Harvey N., a Jewish kid from Brooklyn and four or five towns on Long Island. He was quick, intelligent, sardonic and funny. He was extremely articulate and I figured he must have been to college, at least for awhile. This was unusual. Of two hundred recruits in our company perhaps a dozen had been to college at all, and only three or four had graduated. At one time I had worried the sergeants would single me out for having been to Yale and try to take me down a peg or two or ten, but that did not turn out to be the case. It was quite the other way round. The sergeants and the other recruits treated college with great respect and the very word Yale seemed to strike them as proof of all but noble birth. It was disorienting. At any rate Harvey had the mark of education on him, a large vocabulary and a seeming acquaintance with the names of quite a lot of writers. He used to ask what I was reading, wanted to know all about the book and its author, would come back to the subject in following days, comment on what I'd said. I'd offer him the book when I was finished but he'd say no, he didn't think he'd like it, he was just curious what I thought of it.

One weekend we drove to New York, and on the long drive back the following night he made a confession: he couldn't read. I said he had to be kidding. He said he was not kidding, and explained that he'd been to six different schools in the first and second grade. Somehow he missed the opening lessons in reading in the first school, and failed to catch up in the second, and thereafter devoted his considerable intelligence to disguising the fact he couldn't read. Vigorous dissimulation, special pleading, artful evasion and a great deal of fast talking allowed him to actually graduate from high school despite the fact he could not read.

Naturally I protested; perhaps he didn't read well, but of course he could *read*. He conceded he could read some newspaper headlines, he could write his name, but that was just about it. I didn't believe him. Not long after I ran into him in the library one evening and asked what he was doing if he couldn't read. "Writing a letter home," he said. He showed me the letter. It was perhaps two sentences long. It had taken a couple of hours. When he came to a word he couldn't write he scrapped the effort and started over. He showed me the discards in the wastebasket beside his table, perhaps thirty or forty of them. He had been stumped by the simplest of words like "rifle" and "boots" and "base" and "home." The truth was Harvey couldn't read. I was amazed, half by the fact, and half by the astonishing intelligence which had allowed him to disguise the fact and still pick up so much information about the world by simply talking to people and listening to what they said.

A group of fifteen or twenty moved on from Ft. Dix to Ft. Gordon at the end of basic training and I got to know them well. There was nothing to do, after all, but sit around and make jokes about the army and talk to each other. There was a heavy kid from Boston who was a plasterer; he told me what lath was, and said that was the right way to plaster a wall, and added that no one built houses that way anymore. There was Richard R., who fixed televisions, played brilliant poker with an impassive face, and disappeared into Augusta every week or two with his winnings to spend fifteen minutes with a 40-year-old blonde with a World War Two pageboy who charged extra to take off her bra. There was Robert R., brilliantly funny, who had been an editor at Abrams, the art publisher, and Bruno S., who ran a jewelry store in Pennsylvania, and a tall, lanky Italian from the Bronx, desperately in love, whose orders sent him to Ethiopia where the Army maintained a huge radio-intercept station. "Where's Ethiopia?" he asked. After we told him he was all but suicidal for a week. There was Seymour, a black kid who planned to join the paratroops. He'd been with us

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the day we first arrived in Augusta. We didn't have to report to the base till five, and found a bar to kill a little time.

This was 1965. We were in Georgia. The bar was dark, cool, and empty. The bartender wore a dirty short-sleeved shirt, and when Seymour walked in he said nothing whatever, just pointed at him, and then pointed to the dim back of the bar. A kind of partial wall separated the front of the bar, bright with the sunlight through the open door, and the back of the long room. We all looked at each other. We were surprised, caught off guard, meekly ordered beers, said nothing. Seymour disappeared into the back. After a minute or two we walked back and joined him, and when our beers were down we left. Outside someone said, "Seymour, I don't think you're going to like it down here."

The people were simply amazing, the soldiers, the sergeants who trained us, with ribbons from World War II and Korea and stories from bases all over the world; the young officers just out of OCS. With the exception of the editor from Abrams, I had never met anyone like any of them ever before. I remember being struck that they broke down just about like any other group, with the same number of sensitive ones, the same number of smart ones, the same number of selfish ones, evaders, helpers, workers, shirkers, adepts, and oafs. One or two were such innocents it was dangerous to let them out alone, but the rest knew who they were, what they wanted out of life, how to get it, why to join a union or why not to, how the system worked, which political leaders were frauds, and which not. It sounds strange to say, but I learned they were perfectly capable of running their own lives, needed no help from me or anyone else, had just as much to teach as to learn. Since then it has occurred to me that everyone I met in the army learned the same things I did. Whenever I read of proposals to return to a citizen army based on a draft, that is what I think about. The only change I'd make next time round, would be to insure that a way was found to include everyone—the cripples along with the sound, the scholars along with the truck drivers, the women along with the men.

When the dead time finally came to an end, and fifteen or twenty of us changed into civilian clothes and went to the airport to fly home, a curious thing happened: a kind of silence fell. The differences between us had suddenly asserted themselves. It seems such a small thing, but we looked at each other's coats and ties, the color of our shirts, the belts and pants, and knew we were all going back into our own worlds. Until that moment, we all felt we were pretty much the same.

THOMAS POWERS

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

THE VOICE OF BLUME

AN ORTHODOXY THAT DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ITSELF

LAST SUMMER while we were on vacation I bought my daughter, who was eleven then, a set of books by Judy Blume. I thought they would help to relieve some of the longer hours we would spend in motels and airports, and I knew she liked Judy Blume. "Her kids talk like real kids," she said, "and they get into fights." One night she looked up from a book and asked, "Dad, what's masturbation?" A few minutes later she looked up again and asked, "What's a wet dream?" I noticed that she was reading Judy Blume's *Then Again, Maybe I Won't*.

Most of my generation learned the answers to these questions from graffiti and friends who were more or less sure that babies came through the bellybutton; sneaked glimpses at pornography also helped. I thought, even then, that there must be some more direct way to get answers, but you do what you can. Our sexual information was on a par with our belief that two aspirins and a Coke would make you drunk. Bayer and Coca Cola stood to benefit from this idea, but I don't know who gained from our sexual misinformation—homes for unwed mothers, maybe, though only the most mean-spirited cynic could believe that they wanted to increase clientele. Anyway, books for young people which are frank about these things are new to me. I read a few of them and then talked to a woman I know who has written several books for children and who also teaches a course on books written for children and adolescents.

"I can think of only one topic that hasn't yet made it to juvenile literature," she said. "That's the case of the kid whose father goes through a sex-change operation, so the kid is suddenly forced to deal with having two mothers. But I expect that one to come along any day now." She once asked her students to read Judy Blume's *Forever*, a book for older adolescents about a first love affair. The boy and girl, Katherine and Michael, have a pet name for Michael's penis: they call it Ralph. My friend asked her class the names of the novel's main characters, and no one could remember. But they all remembered Ralph. He was separate from the main characters, in his inarticulate way, just like their relationship. The message of *Forever* is that sexual relationships come and go, and what matters is how you relate to the things that happen to you. This relating should be done with maturity and understanding and responsibility, seasoned with the bittersweet knowledge that love affairs may end, but *you* have to go on whatever happens, so be careful (and don't get pregnant).

Relationships mean a lot in these books. They frequently seem, like Ralph, to have lives independent of the characters who are supposed to be having the relationships. Relationships are a form of heavy weather, and people participate in them, sometimes endure them.

At her best Judy Blume is a kind of training bra for Ann Beattie; at her worst she reads like Woody Allen without the humor. *Forever* features a grandmother

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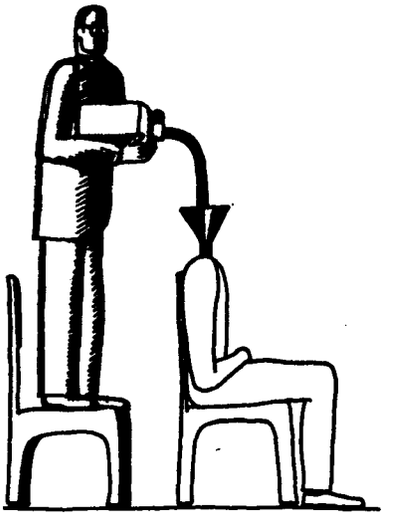
who sends Katherine the following letter: "I hear you and Michael are officially *going together*. Thought these might come in handy. And remember, if you ever need to talk, I'm available. I don't judge. I just advise. Love, Grandma."

This grandma is nothing like mine, who found the Andrews sisters risqué. This grandma sent Katherine "a whole bunch of pamphlets from Planned Parenthood on birth control, abortion, and venereal disease. At first I was angry. Grandma is jumping to conclusions again, I thought. But then I sat down and started to read. It turned out she had sent me a lot of valuable information. . . ."

An ideology is on the prowl here, meaning well every inch of the way. This preachiness can also be found in Norma Klein's books. Her *Mom, the Wolf Man, and Me* is about a child who lives with her unmarried mother, and the novel deals with the way the little girl manages to accept and like her mother's lover. Naturally the child has few problems; the main obstacles have to do with hung-up adults. In Klein's *It's Not What You Expect* a couple of kids help to raise money for a needed abortion, and at the end of the novel Mom confesses that she herself had an abortion, before it was legal, and she is very glad that the times are changing. A book called *Freddy's Book*, by John Neufeld, tells about a little boy's frustrating attempts to find the meaning of the mysterious word "fuck." (What a distance this is from a search for the Grail!) Finally his kind older friend David tells him what it means and concludes, "If you're lucky all your life, Fred, that's what fucking will be: making love with someone you love."

Is it really *luck*, or does some sort of commitment have something to do with love? These books say next to nothing about choice and commitment, but they are full of feelings and the right attitudes towards feelings, and the tricks chance can play on children who would rather their parents stay together than get divorced. The main work of these books is teaching children to cope. There is something dismal about teaching children to cope, where in previous generations books for children encouraged a larger imagining, a thrill at the size of the universe they might encounter. In these books there is at best a small satisfaction: you learn to line up with the Right Attitudes.



Now it can be argued that some things ought not to be dealt with in children's books, but as soon as I try to think of something that shouldn't be dealt with I think of exceptions; and children are, after all, the people who chant cruel skip-rope jingles and poems like "Little Willy, with a shout,/ Gouged the baby's eyeballs out." The landscape of children's literature is broad and wild and sometimes horrifying. The robber girl in Hans Christian Andersen's The Snow Queen is wilder than anything Judy Blume could imagine. Blume would have a counselor—a sensitive one—deal with Huck Finn.

The prose in these books reminded me of the Reverend Raymond J. O'Brien, who wrote books for Catholic kids several decades ago. I remember two titles, *Nice Going, Red* and *Brass Knuckles*. His books were first-person narratives, usually, about confused kids who were surrounded by Bad Companions. There was not always a clear reason for their being Bad; in this, Fr. O'Brien was close to traditional story-telling (which knows that evil is interesting in itself) and far from Judy Blume, who has reasons for everything: for her, an unpleasant child must have an unhappy home life, and could never be simply a pain in the ass. Fr. O'Brien's kids always encountered wise adults, often in the form of priests, who helped them out. Judy Blume's planned parenthood grandma may be less traditional than Fr. O'Brien's helpful priests, but she is certainly intended to be just as didactic.

It is important for adolescents to understand that feelings which are demanding and confusing are also quite normal; and if parents and schools won't tell their children about sex, better they should learn from Judy Blume than not learn at all. But more than information is being delivered here; a point of view is being urged on kids. The assumptions which saturate these books are the assumptions of upper-middle-class white liberals. They seem so self-evidently right to the authors that I am sure they don't see what an orthodoxy they have accepted. No doubt they think of their attitudes as simply true, and of more traditional attitudes as reactionary or unenlightened. The same point of view is shared by many of the educators who have pushed "values clarification" in the schools: people can find their own values, they assume, as if values were innate things. You go through your feelings and reactions—it is like looking for lice—until you find your values; they are in there somewhere, covered over with hang-ups and insensitivities.

An orthodoxy which does not admit that it is an orthodoxy is hard to deal with. Many of the opponents of liberal orthodoxy are themselves an unattractive lot. There are fundamentalists who want to censor school texts, move them to the right, and get Biblical creation taught in science classes. I would rather my children learn about Darwin in science class, and I don't want them to believe that America should "return to God," because this is idolatry: America was never God's chosen nation. But the fundamentalists have perceived one thing clearly: there is a new orthodoxy. It is being pushed in some schools, on television, and in a lot of children's literature. A few school boards have tried to make this fundamentalist objection to certain texts and library books look like the inquisitors versus us non-judgmental professionals, but frequently that isn't the case at all. The problem is that here one orthodoxy confronts another.

JOHN GARVEY

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The new economic mythology

RICHARD B. DuBOFF

"THE OLD LIBERAL patent medicines for treating our social ailments simply don't work—and they never really have."

During the 1960s this declaration was heard, frequently, from both the left and right, but over the past five years or so it has become the byword of a new conservatism bringing together the old right-wing opponents of New Deal programs with ex-liberal neoconservatives who fear their former liberalism has gone too far. The snowballing campaign against "big government" rests on a number of economic arguments that appear to speak to the full range of problems currently besetting most working Americans. For millions of men and women battered by the twin forces of inflation and rising taxes, some of this right-wing rhetoric possesses a surface plausibility, particularly when they are being fed the same basic ideology by both Mr. Carter and Mr. Reagan. Let us outline this new conservative economics in a way which will not only allow us to understand it but simultaneously to recognize some of its basic assumptions and omissions.

1. *Inflation*

Government is the root cause of the virulent inflation of the past twelve years—a rate of price increase that has eroded the purchasing power of the dollar by fifty-three percent. For Milton Friedman and his fellow Chicago-school monetarists, the solution is simple: prevent the federal government from running budget deficits and stop the Federal Reserve System from creating too much money. "Inflation," Friedman contends, "is always and everywhere a monetary phenomenon, produced in the first instance by an unduly rapid growth in the quantity of money."

Business Week, among other corporate sector voices, points to another inflationary contribution by "the great government inflation machine": "the real villain is the federal government" not only because of its "huge deficits" and lax control of bank reserves but because it unwisely tries to alleviate the impact of inflation. It has increased the minimum wage, boosted farm price supports to offset higher fertilizer and farm machinery costs, and raised mandatory corporate and individual contributions to Social Security to help out aged pensioners. All of these actions have magnified Washington's role in feeding inflation. So, for that matter, have the government's efforts to meet the demands of "activists" by enacting environmental protection legislation and other regulations "that forced industry to install costly equipment and to protect worker health and safety. The only way for industry to recover these costs was to pass them on to consumers."

2. *Unemployment*

The extent of joblessness is exaggerated. True unemployment is close to zero.

First of all, not everybody out of work has been forcibly laid off; most people looking for employment have actually quit their old jobs by choice in order to search for new ones that pay better and offer greater career potential. "Search unemployment" is voluntary, a matter of "individual preference" which is "efficient": it represents investment by people to acquire labor market information.

Second, unemployment insurance itself causes unemployment, by relaxing pressures on workers to take the first job that comes along and permitting them to carry on a still more leisurely "search" for acceptable and desirable positions. For *New York Times* editorialist Peter Passell, "Generous, untaxed unemployment benefits . . . reduce incentives to stay on the job" and lead some workers to "use unemployment compensation for paid sabbaticals."

Third, thousands of workers considered jobless are actually employed, or partially employed, in the "subterranean economy." Increased under-the-table work, performed only for payment in hard cash which is easy to hide for tax purposes, is a valuable source of income for people many of whom, we are assured, are nevertheless counted in the official unemployment statistics.

Fourth, more rapid entry into the labor market by women and teenagers, whose attachment to work itself is "volatile,"

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artificially escalates unemployment rates. Women in particular are looking for work in ever greater numbers, but many of them may be regarded as "secondary" workers, not primary breadwinners. Since they have husbands to fall back on financially, their "joblessness" causes little real suffering. This is why present-day unemployment contains only an incidental "misery component," as Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Herbert Stein put it in 1973.

3. *Lagging economic growth and productivity*

Every quantitative measure we have tells us that the rate of economic growth for the United States has dropped below long-term trends. The major reasons for lagging growth in output per head are two, and they are interrelated: first, capital investment by business has yet to shake off the cumulative shocks of the 1970 and 1974-75 recessions (and post-1973 oil price hikes), and second, corporate research and development is barely greater now than a decade ago. Corrected for the effects of inflation, private industry is now spending only ten percent more than it did in 1970-1971 on R & D. There is one underlying reason for this stagnation in both capital and R & D outlays—big government.

Economic growth, and the investment spending that drives it, have been hobbled by a widening array of regulations. Mandated energy-saving measures, environmental controls, health and safety standards, product information and recall provisions, equal opportunity and affirmative action programs, private pension plan safeguards, and other government interference with absolute freedom of action by business have created an "unfavorable climate" for "risk-taking." Business executives, who shun any kind of uncertainty, have "naturally" pulled back from long-term commitments and instead are placing more emphasis on short-run profitability. Someday this investment slowdown may leave us with insufficient productive capacity and shortages of critical goods, but it will all be government's fault for giving corporate business no choice but to hold back on "venture" outlays.

Tax burdens have reached the point where they stifle initiative and distort resource allocation by compelling households and business firms to "factor in" the tax variable for every decision on savings, investment, work and output levels, prices, and profit targets. Substantial tax cuts, like those proposed by Howard Jarvis or Representative Jack Kemp and Senator William V. Roth, Jr., are said to have two other beneficial effects as well, one on demand and the other more important one on supply. Tax cuts stimulate aggregate demand in the economy by putting more dollars in our pockets, as we know; but for those who, along with former Kennedy Council of Economic Advisers head Walter Heller, fear that massive tax cuts on the order of one-third within three years (Kemp-Roth) would "soon generate soaring [federal] deficits and roaring inflation," the new conservatives have a response—the new "supply-side economics."

Supply-side economics holds that tax rate changes create incentive effects, which affect supply (production). "The decision whether or not to work or invest depends on aftertax income," says Arthur Laffer of the University of Southern California, a prominent spokesman for this new wave in tax policy. This implies that as taxes are cut, the aftertax rewards to saving, investing, and working rise. People switch into these directly productive activities out of leisure, tax shelters, and working in the subterranean economy for nontaxable income. Positive incentive effects thus evoke increases in savings, labor effort, and national output. Eventually such "stimulative" tax cuts would even increase tax revenues to the government. (Significantly, the right-wing architects of this tax-cut bonanza cite, as precedent, the Kennedy tax reductions of 1962 and 1964). Special supply-side incentives to business would embrace not only tax relief but subsidies to investment and research and "regulatory reform" designed to stimulate productivity.

4. *Inability of government to do anything constructive in economic or social policy*

The new conservatives maintain that government is impotent in the economic sphere even when (if ever) it is not positively dangerous. Its juggling of fiscal and monetary and welfare policies—a tax change here, an increase of interest rates there, a job training program sooner or later—could affect the economy only if it came as a complete surprise to the public. Because private individuals operate through "rational expectations," they perceive, and understand, the policy changes which are headed at them and adjust their economic and financial behavior accordingly. The intended effects of the policy are thereby offset even before they begin to take hold.

This finding is another outgrowth of the neoconservatives' preference for "precise markets" as embodying the highest form of social evolution: markets invariably work more "efficiently" when government keeps hands off. It is one more manifestation of the belief that market transactions, whether implicit or explicit, pervade all facets of human activity (production, consumption, saving, working, leisure, crime, dishonesty, love, sex, marriage, fertility, and so forth). Any attempt to implement "programs designed as government improvements on private markets" (in the words of Harvard economist Martin Feldstein) ignores "basics" of rational calculation by individual economic units.

THE MAJOR POLITICAL assumption behind all of this right-wing economics is the perverse, destructive power of government. Before we examine this more closely, however, we must first point out some of the more convenient omissions (if not outright distortions) of fact and history embedded in the propositions just outlined.

1. *Inflation.* Even introductory economics textbooks, not known for their penetrating criticism of American society, inform students about "cost-push" or "administered" inflation—the upward pressure on prices regardless of the quantity of money in circulation, the size of the federal budget deficit, or the state of "aggregate demand" (overall purchasing power) in the economy. This kind of inflation results from the cumulatively aggressive, monopolistic behavior of private groups; J. K. Galbraith calls it "the ability of relatively strong organizations in the economy to advance their income or put

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up their prices." The new conservatives do not like to talk about corporate pricing policies or, for that matter, the less effective pricing power of unions (giant corporations can nullify workers' monetary gains by raising product prices almost continuously, while employees can improve their wages only every year or two, depending on their contract with "management.")

This wage-price chase is one of the two key ingredients in the "accelerationist" or "expectational" inflation which has been surging through early 1980—better buy now than later when things will certainly cost more. The other ingredient, widely noted by economists and business journalists, but virtually ignored by the conservatives, is the role of private-sector credit—bank loans and those 3 x 2-inch plastic cards—in fueling an explosion of consumer spending that has pushed the personal savings rate to perhaps its lowest point ever (less than three percent of household income). In a sense, of course, this entire inflationary spiral *must* be "accommodated" by more and more money in circulation, but the simplistic analysis of the new conservatism masks, to say the least, the complexity of the process. Greater quantities of money will of course aggravate inflation, but the reverse is equally true and probably even more significant in our day and age: the quantity of money in circulation depends on the rate of inflation itself. Any government which refuses to validate, or finance, the ever-increasing price structure built into profit targets, wage rates, and contractual obligations of all kinds runs the risk of causing a serious recession or depression. Thus the Carter administration's "anti-inflation" squeeze of 1979-1980 is indeed aimed at reducing inflation through inducing recession—a "mild" one, it was once hoped but no longer anticipated. But once the economy seems on the verge of really plunging downward, all bets will be off—government will be forced to switch to an "expansionist" policy, just as the Ford administration did in early 1975. And a new round of inflation will begin—from a higher "base rate" than before.

2. *Unemployment.* Conservative attitudes toward the unemployed have changed little since 1803, when the Rev. Malthus argued that the poor contribute to their own plight through "indolence" and lack of "moral restraint." Survey after survey has shown that "welfare cheats" constitute small percentages of all public assistance cases—less than one percent according to two federal studies, only two percent in a 1975 State of Michigan investigation. And each year, prosperity or recession notwithstanding, "windfall" job availabilities in major urban areas bring out a virtual flood of human beings clamoring for work. In April 1980 in Milwaukee, a city with a reputation for a low official unemployment rate (4.3 percent at the time), the opening of a new Hyatt hotel brought 550 jobs—and 4,500 people seeking them. The hotel manager "kept shaking his head in disbelief," reported the *New York Times*. "I've never seen anything of this magnitude," said the manager, who had prepared for half as many applicants. A local leader was more blunt: "I haven't seen so many people seeking jobs since the Depression."

Incidents like these, among other pieces of evidence, tend to undermine the conservative thesis that today's unemployed suffer less than the official unemployment rate implies. In a recently completed project, Kay Schlozman and Sidney Verba find that the jobless simply do not fit the new conservative stereotype: people out of work suffer economically and psychologically even if they are short-term unemployed, job leavers rather than job losers, "secondary" earners, or recipients of public or private unemployment compensation. Nationally as well there is strong evidence of association between rates of unemployment and measures of national well-being. In a 1976 study released by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, Dr. M. Harvey Brenner of Johns Hopkins stated that "the most consistent pattern of relationship between national economic changes and . . . social cost was demonstrated with the *unemployment* rate. Unemployment plays a statistically significant role in relation to social trauma for . . . total deaths, cardiovascular deaths, suicides, homicides, deaths from cirrhosis of the liver, state mental hospital admissions and state prison admissions." From 1970 to 1975, a substantial number of total deaths, suicides, and murders were traceable to a 1.4 percentage-point rise in joblessness in 1970. For instance, some 27,000 deaths out of a total of 980,000 from the stress-related diseases of stroke, kidney and heart ailments were associated with higher unemployment.

Lastly, conservatives should be reminded that while they are busily engaged in "talking down" the official unemployment figures, others are estimating how much the Bureau of Labor Statistics *understates* true joblessness by its exclusions of (a) workers on involuntary part-time schedules of shortened workdays or split weeks, and (b) workers who have become so despairing at their inability to find or keep jobs that they give up the search ("discouraged workers"). By my own calculations, conservative compared with those of several labor force analysts, the official unemployment rate would be *at least* one-third higher ever since 1967 if we included involuntary part-timers and discouraged workers. The March 1980 official rate of around 7 percent should be 9.3 percent, if not more.

3. *Government and Economic Growth. Business Week* itself labels the United States "a minor league tax assessor" compared to nations as well off as, and possibly even more technologically dynamic than, we are. The prestigious Conference Board ranks the United States tenth among a dozen major industrial nations in the share of household income taken by direct taxes (only 11 percent for us, compared with 16 percent for Britain and 28 percent for Denmark, for instance), and ninth among the same dozen nations for family income absorbed by social security contributions (8 percent as opposed to 13 percent for West Germany and 18 percent in the Netherlands). Data from the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development show that for 1977 the total tax revenues collected in the United States represented 29 percent of its gross national product, a figure lower than every other industrial nation except Japan. Furthermore, the ratio of total tax revenues to GNP *declined* in the United States between 1970 and 1977, while it rose in nearly every other

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OECD member country, including Japan and Germany. Official U.S. government statistics reveal, finally, that the federal government's purchases of goods and services—its actual claim on the economy's resources and output—have been *falling* steadily for *over twenty years*, from 11.1 percent of the GNP in 1955 to 7.0 percent in 1979.

Statistics like these, *Business Week* concedes, "do present a problem to those economists and politicians who posit a direct relationship between levels of taxation and variables such as inflation and economic growth."

AS ALREADY NOTED, at the bottom of all neoconservative reasoning lies the assumption of the Perverse Power of government.

"The government" defrauds and oppresses us all, warn the spokesmen of the new right. Why this should be so, and how it all began, are never satisfactorily explained. We are supposed to believe that "the bureaucrats" are running amok, expanding their reach and overtaxing our hides to perpetuate their own power. Apparently these wily creatures simply fell upon us from the heavens in a cruel stroke of fate—or else they owe their power to the misguided "liberals" or "social engineers" who are arrogant enough to think they can construct a more humane society than the autonomous marketplace can. This line of argument is supported by another transparently ideological belief: anytime government bureaucrats are permitted to act freely or formulate policy, they invariably blunder. Business executives, by contrast, are surehanded, intelligent, and "rational." The only time *they* ever err is when they are "misled" by government-created conditions of instability and uncertainty.

This diagnosis of the state and bureaucratic behavior rests on what might charitably be called a naive view of history. The "autonomous marketplace" has never existed. In the United States, public intervention began with the birth of our nation, and from the start it favored private-property interests. The first breakthrough from the East coast toward the vast interior and its untapped lands and resources came during the Canal Era. At its height, between 1815 and 1844, eighty percent of all investment in the great interregional canals (the Erie, the Pennsylvania Mainline, the Chesapeake and Ohio) was supplied by public, not private, sources (mainly loans and subsidies).

Later, the railroads received enormous land grants—more than a billion acres—to induce them to push out the westward frontier, and when railroad monopoly power began to stir up resentment among shippers (especially grain farmers) the regulation that resulted helped the railroads fully as much as their captive customers.

Historian Gabriel Kolko contends that the rise of "progressive government" from the late 1890s through 1916 represented an effort, largely successful, by big business to capture the federal government and use its power to reduce the risks inherent in genuine market competition. Thus, the Interstate Commerce Commission (1887), the first regulatory agency, was welcomed by the railroads as a means of halting rate-cutting wars, fixing prices, and fencing out competitors. (The Civil Aeronautics Board has been an even better example of this in recent years.) AT&T's monopoly power dates from 1909 when its first president, Theodore Vail, accepted—virtually requested—government regulation to keep federal anti-trusters from breaking up its telephone operations and to protect it from having to fight upstart telephone companies. Vail then capitalized on the regulation process in ways that soon made Ma Bell the most prosperous of all "regulated utilities." Now, AT&T is easing out of this regulatory arrangement, only because it wants "freedom" to introduce new communications and data processing equipment to challenge IBM. But it also is striving to prevent "deregulation" from going fast and far enough to require it to divest itself of its valuable Western Electric subsidiary!

To this day, regulation of business remains a tune orchestrated by the giant corporations and banks that dominate our economy. It is easily overlooked that the "free market," particularly when it reflects rapid, destabilizing changes in technology, prices, and income distribution, is widely regarded as an unfair allocative mechanism—and that big business shares this view with other elements of society when it suits its purpose. Corporations, like private citizens, are eager to trade off some efficiency for what they see as equity. Thus, capture of regulatory agencies by powerful business interest groups is to be expected. As Bruce Owen and Ronald Braeutigam describe regulatory "strategies for established firms and industries": make strategic use of litigation; make strategic use of innovation (especially to cut production costs to maintain high profits in the face of rate-of-return legislation); use of the regulatory agency as a cartel manager; lobby the agency effectively; coopt the experts; and play the agencies (one federal agency against another, state agencies vs. federal ones, one state vs. others).

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The economic catastrophe of 1929-1933 opened a new era in the public-private mix of the economy. After—*only after*—the collapse of business investment and the banking panic of 1933 did the role of government widen and deepen. Still, as FDR pleaded in the face of fierce business opposition, his federal spending programs were meant to "prime the pump" of private capital and defuse the more radical critics of an economic system that had, after all, thrown one-fourth of the workforce out on the streets and impoverished "one-third of a nation."

Only World War II with its huge military outlays finally pulled the nation out of the depression of the 1930s and propelled it toward the long expansion of the 1950s and 1960s. Since 1950, military spending has provided the largest, and most consistent, single public-sector prop for aggregate demand—and employment. Only since 1973 has it dipped below six percent of the gross national product (a sign that other income-security measures like social security, medicare, unemployment compensation, and grants-in-aid are growing in importance as Keynesian devices to shore up private economic activity). Still, the crushing fact that conservatives (and most liberals, too, for that matter) will rarely acknowledge is that over the past thirty years the only periods when unemployment has fallen below four percent (the "interim" full employment target announced by the Kennedy administration in 1962) are 1951-1953 and 1966-1969—years of rapidly rising military spending for Korea and Vietnam.

The present decade has been marked by the old see-saw of cyclical boom-and-bust: slumps in 1970, 1974-1975, and 1980, along with moderate expansions peaking in 1973 and 1978. Government has been called upon to play an essentially contradictory role. During recessions, Washington has reacted by slashing taxes to stop the economy from dropping into an uncontrolled tailspin; tax cuts obviously are more acceptable to big business than sharp increases in government outlays to combat recessions, since government spending would expand the public sector relative to the private sector (tax reduction, of course, accomplishes just the reverse). Yet government stimulus must never be powerful enough to wipe out unemployment and prolong an economic upswing past its "normal" leveling-out. Such a "policy extreme" would greatly strengthen labor's hand in collective bargaining and exacerbate the inflationary tensions of the past dozen years.

In brief, the conservative interpretation of government is based on a self-fulfilling prophecy. In a capitalist economy, government must act as a bail-out device, or a rescue squad that arrives on the scene *after* private decision makers have exercised their initiatory power in the realms of consumption, investment, pricing, labor utilization, industrial relocation, and technological innovation. These are the real levers of power in any economy, and in the United States, government controls none of them. This means that public authorities can take, at best, half-way steps to deal with the social effects of private actions—steps too late and too small to have any lasting effect on inflation, unemployment, urban decay, and environmental disruption but too large to leave "business confidence" unimpaired. For this reason government intervention frequently is ineffective and self-defeating. It cannot help arousing false hopes on the part of its citizens, and it must breed, inside government agencies themselves, a weary cynicism and occasional instances of the kind of individualized corruption ("Why shouldn't I grab myself a little piece of the action too?") which is a faithful reflection of the values, or at least common practices, of the dominant business system itself.

Fortunately, there are some public policy measures that do not self-destruct. Social security, civil rights laws, environmental controls, occupational safety and health regulations, and consumer product safeguards have all met with varying degrees of success in the face of general business opposition. So even successful measures like these trigger new subversive activities by private capital—as we are presently witnessing with the open warfare being waged against the Federal Trade Commission and the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, with Congress highly responsive to business complaints. As Robert Heilbroner remarks:

> As a rule, economists suggest policy measures—spending, taxing, regulating or whatever—on the assumption that the introduction of the new policy parameters will leave the previously specified equation unchanged. But will it? Not if . . . every new policy is an intrusion that sets into motion activity designed specifically to recapture the former state of affairs by avoiding, evading, or overcoming the new policy element. (We recall Mr. Dooley's remark that what looks like a stone wall is a triumphal arch to a corporate lawyer.) . . . From this point, perhaps the remarkable thing about economic policy is not how little it has accomplished but how much.

THE NEW CONSERVATISM, in sum, is a good example of what Thorstein Veblen referred to in 1904 as the process of "the natural decay of business enterprise." Its vision of the "free market" is a canon of "devout observance": the "free market" is simply assumed to exist. No proof of its existence or viability is offered—aside from the hoary (and probably untestable) proposition that if only "government" would go away, "freedom" would prevail and unshackled private energies would clean up our economic quagmires. The economics of the right is profoundly anti-historical: its champions feel uncomfortable even debating the extent to which government intervention was necessary to remove impediments to "free market" expansion and to rectify "market failure" over the past two centuries. Such a triumph of ideology over serious scholarship puts the new conservatives in a position of supreme self-confidence in a time of obvious economic disarray, when every short-run action by public authorities is guaranteed to produce its equal and opposite reaction in the private sector. They are strategically placed to become a genuine public menace in the next four years.

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Questions for the pope

ERNEST W. RANLY

SACRAMENTAL EUCHARISTIC SPIRITUALITY is a major theme of three Holy Week letters of Pope John Paul II. (In 1979 he addressed one letter to bishops and one to priests; in 1980 a longer letter was addressed again to bishops.) The three letters are intentionally connected. Their spiritual and pastoral intent must be sincerely appreciated before an attempt is made to understand and apply any forthcoming decrees.

The letters repeatedly recall that the Eucharist is the symbol of the church's unity and it must be allowed to effect that same unity. The Eucharist and the church stand in mutual co-creative relations to each other. The church "makes the Eucharist" and "the Eucharist builds up" the church. The spiritual drawing together of the people of God in the Eucharist "expresses the church and brings her into being." All this is said in reference to that famous formula of Vatican II that the Eucharist is the "source and summit" of the Christian community.

These letters are addressed to bishops and priests in a most special way, exhorting them to retain that eucharistic spirituality which is accepted as that which gives them identity as priests. Yet throughout the letters, the application is made for the faith and spirituality of all Christians.

"Eucharistic worship constitutes the soul of all Christian life." "The Eucharist has always been at the center of the life of Christ's disciples." "The sacraments give the lives of Christians a sacramental style." "Eucharistic worship is the center and goal of all sacramental life."

Statements such as these may seem like truisms to many Catholics. Therefore, the Holy Father is justly concerned to maintain the proper spirit of holiness and respect for all eucharistic services. He re-emphasizes some basic teachings touching upon the essential sacrificial character of the Eucharist. And always he wants the Eucharist to continue to be the special sign of unity of the church.

It is well known that the 1979 Holy Week letter to priests talked so warmly about the fraternal character of the priesthood and gave a detailed defense of the tradition of celibacy for priests of the Latin rite. In the three letters there is maintained repeatedly the essential difference between the ministerial or hierarchical priesthood and the common priesthood of the faithful. Only the sacramental priest called by Christ (and not by the community) from among the people, by the power of ordination, can serve as "priest" at the Sacrifice of the Eucharist.

The 1980 letter calls for a respectful return to a number of traditional eucharistic devotions. It concludes: "Let us do all we can to ensure that the Eucharist may become an ever greater source of life and light for the consciences of all our brothers and sisters of all the communities in the universal unity of Christ's church on earth."

I am a priest of the Latin rite: ordained, male, celibate. Therefore, for my own sacramental eucharistic spirituality I find the pope's letters to be very valuable. They help me recall so much of my Catholic past: Holy Hours, Corpus Christi processions, Forty Hours Devotions, and many, many Masses. So much of our seminary/religious training was in the spirit of these papal letters. By special privilege, the major houses of my own religious institute have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every day. As a Catholic, I was brought up on a eucharistic spirituality and I confess to needing it to this day, even while dabbling in TM, yoga, some charismatic prayer meetings, and more Scripturally-oriented meditative styles of prayer. I think the Holy Father is correct. We older Latin rite priests need the Eucharist and it is good that the pope, in his fatherly way, has reminded us of that.

But, oh, how different all this looks from within the realities of the church in Latin America! When I last visited my home parish in rural Ohio, the pastor asked me what percentage of my "parishioners" attended Sunday Mass. I suspected him (unfairly, perhaps) of that old prejudice that would lead him to say, yes, Latin Americans are *Catholics*, but they are not *good* Catholics, because, of course, they do not attend Sunday Mass.

To answer the question I quickly thought of the forty places (villages, mining camps, haciendas) in my "parish," scattered over seventy-five square miles of rugged mountainous terrain, with a total population of well over 30,000. I am the only priest. We work in pastoral teams with North American women religious and Peruvian lay people. We have one scheduled Sunday Mass at the biggest center of population. Two-hundred-fifty to three-hundred people attend this Mass. I

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answered: "Less than one percent of our people attend Sunday Mass."

Did he want to hear more? One village has its weekly Mass on Monday afternoon. Others have Masses every two weeks or once every month; other communities have Mass only once or twice a year for special feast days. Are we to continue to believe that "eucharistic worship constitutes the soul of all Christian life?"

In the 1979 letter to priests the Holy Father related this touching tale.

> Think of the places where people anxiously await a priest, and where for many years, feeling the lack of such a priest, they do not cease to hope for his presence. And sometimes it happens that they meet in an abandoned shrine, and place on the altar a stole which they still keep, and recite all the prayers of the eucharistic liturgy; and then, at the moment that corresponds to the transubstantiation a deep silence, comes down upon them, a silence sometimes broken by a sob . . . so ardently do they desire to hear the words that only the lips of a priest can efficaciously utter. So much do they desire eucharistic communion. . . . So deeply do they feel the absence of a priest among them! . . . Such places are not lacking in the world. So if one of you (priests) doubts the meaning of his priesthood, if he thinks it is "socially" fruitless or useless, reflect on this!

Well, yes, indeed, such places are not lacking in the world! A good part of Latin America fits this description quite accurately. But the cause for the lack of priests is not from external persecution, but because of historical, social, and ultimately ecclesiastical reasons.

And we in Latin America have, indeed, been reflecting on the situation. The starting point for us is the local faith-community hungering for the Eucharist. It is not a case of convincing ordained priests that their ministry is important; it is a case of feeding the spiritual hunger of the world. With all due respect to what passes as traditional teaching about the priesthood and the Eucharist, I wonder if the obvious contradiction between the Eucharist as the center of Christian life and the tragic lack of priests for immense parts of the Catholic world can remain just that: an impossible contradiction.

SEVEN YEARS AGO, seeing the almost total lack of local priests here in the Central Andes of Peru, we deliberately proposed the strategy of forming a lay, Peruvian church. The formation of basic Christian communities has moved very slowly. Some good competent, respected lay leaders are emerging. We have encouraged small groups to come together, to read the Scriptures, pray, sing, reflect together.

But when we suggested that now these lay groups should have their own religious services on Sunday in place of a Mass they looked dumbfounded. To have a Scripture-song service without a priest is to do what the Protestants do. But our people are Catholic; they want the Mass.

Protestants, especially the more fundamentalist types, have come into the interior of Peru like a crusade. Their immediate efforts are seemingly quite successful. They teach a very personal spirituality: a personal conversion to Jesus as their Savior, a simplistic-personal reading/prayer of the Scriptures, and group services of enthusiastic singing with fervent preaching. It is a mode of Christian spirituality which has many positive values, especially for people of simple culture. But it is not a sacramental spirituality and certainly not a eucharistic spirituality, since many of the Protestant missionaries roundly condemn the Mass with arguments as old as the early Reformation.

Where the movement of basic Christian communities is strong another distinct type of Christian spirituality is currently being born in Latin America. This is a spirituality of social/political praxis, based upon prayerful reflection on the Sacred Scriptures. The quality of prayer and the sincerity of total commitment by such Christians is little less than heroic. But again, for many reasons, this is not a sacramental eucharistic spirituality. I suspect that if the text of these three papal letters were given to basic communities in Chile, Brazil, or elsewhere, they simply would not understand the real issues.

One should study carefully what passed until very recently as popular Catholicism in Latin America. For many, what should have been sacramental spirituality had degenerated into a seemingly empty, quasi-magical sacramentalism. For many, the only sacrament was Baptism. Some were still prepared for First Communion. Confirmation was rare. Marriages were common, but far from universal. So-called Extreme Unction was for the very few. And through it all, there has always persisted a folk religion of the popular cultures, with myriads of saints, statues, shrines, processions and local customs.

But through it all, there has remained a tremendous need and thirst for the Mass. At times we can actually witness that sob of the people, pleading for a priest to offer Mass. Surely, the Mass, too, is for some an empty, quasi-magical show. But we cannot expect simple people to articulate just what the Eucharist means for them. They only know—in the words of Monika Hellwig—that great hunger of the soul for Christ their spiritual bread.

How long can people go hungry? Will not faith eventually grow weak and die for lack of spiritual nourishment? Some Protestants have, as we have seen, a valuable tradition of a Christian spirituality which includes neither the sacraments as such nor the Eucharist. Can the spirituality of Christian praxis among the basic communities survive without a more direct contact with the Eucharist?

IT WOULD SEEM that a new way of relating priesthood and Eucharist is needed. Let us try some imaginative variations on some very traditional themes. The pope's letters refer to the threefold office of Christ as priest-prophet-king, or better, priest-teacher-ruler. The role of ruler can be described as legal administrator for the church. For the present discussion, we simply set this aside.

The role of priest is best understood as twofold: he is the builder of community and the prayer-leader of community. Reference here is to the actual local people-community. The

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industrialized, urbanized world has forgotten what the sociologists define as genuine person-to-person community. But the more simple cultures in Latin America and the movements towards basic Christian communities give us living examples of people living, working, sharing together as persons in community.

If the priest is to be builder and prayer-leader of such a community, making it thoroughly a Christian community, than he (she) must be originally a member of that community. Sociologically, factually, there is no other alternative. Such religious leaders slowly, naturally, but inevitably emerge. A priest, then, is chosen from among his people, ordained for the things which pertain to God, and—in a Christian setting—offers the sacrifice of Christ within their midst for the forgiveness of sins.

The distinction between the common priesthood of the faithful and the sacramental priesthood of Orders has its place. The religious prayer-leader of a community must be publicly recognized. Power and authority are bestowed upon the person only in an official rite. In a Catholic setting, then, some "ruler" such as the bishop, after a proper scrutiny to see that it is indeed Christ who is choosing this priest from within the community, lays hands on the person and anoints the person's hands—all those very holy, symbolic, traditional rites which the Holy Father so ardently wants to maintain. Now at last the builder-and-prayer-leader of the local community can preside at the Eucharist, the "source and summit" of the Christian Community.

The Holy Father describes at length the pastoral office of the priest. This is the priest as teacher, the church—in that catch-all, worrisome word—as magisterium. My experience in Latin America gives me fresh perspectives on the pastoral-teaching office of the church. While the papal letters emphasize priestly collegiality and fraternity as centering on the Eucharist, I see much more the factual unity and collegiality of the church in its teaching role. It is here that we need—at times sorely lack—a sense of fraternity, coordination, consultation, and, above all, unity in doctrine and faith.

AS CIRCUIT MISSIONARY, in the spirit of Saint Paul, I want to see myself primarily in the role of pastor-teacher. Now, as a matter of fact, time permits little more than a superficial sacramental ministry. In the scheduled visits to our forty communities the principal task should be that of instruction, correction, proper formation in the faith—in a word, evangelization. Some strange aberrancies can occur in isolated Christian communities. I am that contact person with my bishop, with the pope, and with the universal Catholic community making sure that we really are all one in faith and practice.

But neither need it be that I alone am the official hierarchical pastor-teacher. Members of our pastoral team, especially the well-trained religious women, could be (should be) publicly and officially mandated as forming an integral part of the church's hierarchical pastoral-teaching office.

Celibacy makes sense—in the terms of the pope's letters—for contemplatives, for religious and for missionaries. As a missionary, I really am not a living part of any one of our forty communities. As a celibate, I give witness that I belong to the Kingdom of Heaven which is somehow transcendent to human families and local communities. In this context, celibacy does make sense. But within a village community, where a married person is known and respected for virtue and prudence and who now is accepted as the natural religious leader, surely that person should be designated officially as the one to preside at the community's Eucharist.

ALL THE THEOLOGICAL training long associated with the Latin rite priesthood more properly belongs to the pastoral-teaching office than to the Eucharist itself. The Eucharist is an act of faith, of reverence, or proper remembering; it is, indeed, a matter of rubrics, but simple faith and proper rites go together very easily. It is ironical that the church is more willing to allow lay persons to be catechists, teachers and reflectors upon the Scriptures than to administer the Eucharist. It belongs to the magisterium to preserve unity and orthodoxy in the very handing down of the tradition. That which is handed down—the rite of faithfully remembering what Jesus did—is easily repeated by the simple people of faith.

Of course, the responsibilities of us—men and women—who are "ordained" into the pastoral-magisterium of the church are great. But they would be no greater nor more difficult if we were ministering, caring, nurturing genuine eucharistic communities, instead of ministering to communities who want to be Christian but who lack that "eucharistic worship (which) constitutes the soul of all Christian life."

But for the moment, we live and work in an ecclesiastical Catch-22. Only ordained male celibates may "efficaciously utter" the words of transubstantiation over the elements of the Eucharist. By common knowledge (I never saw a scientific study on the topic) 80 percent of Latin American diocesan clergy live in concubinage. As few as these priests are, because they are publicly bound to celibacy, they can be the only ministers of the Eucharist. Living Christian communities, with leaders of tried and tested virtue, are deprived of the Eucharist. And in Rome the Holy Father writes warm personal letters encouraging a return to sacramental eucharistic spirituality.

As I see it, Christianity in Latin America (along with an underlying folk religion which will always persist) can go several ways. It can adopt a pentecostal spirituality, based upon a fundamental understanding of Scripture, with a personal relationship with Jesus. Or Christianity may continue to emphasize the praxis-orientation of the basic communities with a historical/political reflection based on Scripture.

But if Christianity in Latin America is to continue to be a sacramental eucharistic spirituality (as the recent letters of the Holy Father seem to say is the *only* authentic Catholic spirituality) then some very basic changes must be made in the pastoral structures and practices of the church. The contradictions between the spirit of the pope's letters and the realities in Latin America are so glaring that one wonders at times if we all live in the same world.

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THE FIRST SERIOUS ATHEIST OF THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION

The man who said no

DENNIS O'BRIEN

THE HISTORY of great men seems to require periods: Picasso's blue period, his rose period. German school children divide Goethe's life by his mistresses. Reading the chronology of Jean-Paul Sartre in the French press after his death in April, it seemed that he would be characterized not by liaisons but by breaks with former comrades. Sartre's life was littered with ideological ruptures with the likes of Albert Camus, Raymond Aron, Arthur Koestler, Merleau-Ponty. He was for and against the Communists; he would deny his denials and shake hands again with Aron at a rally for the Vietnamese boat people in 1979.

This could be said to characterize the curious, brittle life of French intellectuals who seem to prefer the proper nuance of theory to pragmatic alliance. In Sartre's case, however, fragments at the surface reflect the deepest structure of his thought. Sartre was a man who found "No" an ever-recurring act of liberation. He could say "No" to the Nobel prize as he could say "No" to earthly possessions. He chose to live in his latter years in simple surroundings on the tenth floor of an apartment across from the Gare Montparnasse. Olivier Todd called him a "nomad utopian" who wished to be as free to change his habitation as his point of view. Resistance was his natural way of life:

> Never were we more free than under the Germans . . . The often frightful circumstances of our struggle enabled us finally to live undisguised and fully revealed, that awful unbearable situation which we call the human condition . . . I am not referring to the elite among us who were active members of the Resistance Movement, but about all Frenchmen who at every hour day and night for four years said, 'no.'

Sartre's choice of denial as a way of life did not stem from any personality quirk or a developed misanthropy. As a young student at the Sorbonne he was regarded as a considerable "womanizer"; in old age, blind and ill, his career as a writer destroyed by these infirmities, he was serene. "I have not been fooled by anything, I have not been deceived by anything. I have seen people, some good, some wicked . . . I have written, I have lived, I have nothing to regret." Despite the trail of broken ideological connections, his capacity for deep and lasting friendship is attested to by many—not the least of whom being Simone de Beauvoir, "Beaver" as he nicknamed her, with whom he lived from their student days until his death. Given his almost visceral loathing of the bourgeois and their way of life, who would have expected him to move in with his mother, on the death of her second husband? (She had the habit of accosting people to ask, "Have you read Poulou's latest book?")

Sartre was fundamentally, uncompromisingly, and incessantly a philosopher, and that is the source of his great "No." When asked what held the vast bulk of his work together: plays, novels, short stories, literary criticism, biography, political commentary, Sartre unhesitatingly answered that it was his philosophical approach. Simone de Beauvoir first heard of Sartre from Maheu.

> Maheu always spoke admiringly of Sartre. 'He never stops thinking,' he used to say to me, 'he thinks from morn till night. He is really remarkable!' This, of course, intrigued me no end.

"I think, therefore I am," said Descartes, and Sartre openly approved of the dictum not only metaphysically but, evidently, in everyday life. Nor is the Cartesian allusion a minor note since in many ways Sartre's philosophy is Descartes for the streets.

IT IS NOT CLEAR that philosophy in general has ever quite recovered from Descartes, and Sartre shares in the French obsession with this great national ancestor. If Sartre is a nay sayer, he developed the tactic from Descartes. On November 10, 1619 Descartes, bedded down in Germany for the winter from military campaign activities, decided to spend the night sorting out what he could know and what he could doubt. Descartes proved no faint-hearted doubter and ended the long night wondering not only about easy things like the shape of sticks in water, but whether he had a body or whether all the thoughts in his head were merely the manipulations of some evil, superior demon. Descartes managed to say "no" to the whole normal fabric of life. As every freshman philosophy student knows, he decided the only thing he could know was that he was a thinking thing, *Cogito ergo sum*. Because Descartes seems a mere algebraist concerned with theory, many students fail to see that the course of those famous meditations is also—to adapt the title of Sartre's novelistic

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trilogy—"a road to freedom." Descartes wants to assure himself that his thoughts are not the determined casual end-products of an evil demon or a benign Mother Nature. He concludes, as long as I doubt, I know that I am something and not nothing. Radical negation becomes the basis of freedom.

Sartre's great philosophical work, *Being and Nothing*, is thoroughly Cartesian. It is *néant*, "naughting," denying which reveals the core of humanity. Human being is nothing, a no-thing, a source of negation, of saying "no" in the midst of the fullness of being. When Descartes took us to the limit of denial, he carefully cautioned the reader to withdraw into solitude as he had been able to do in the long Germanic night. Sartre wants his denials in full daylight. Sartrean denial is not a mere thought experiment to see if we can arrive at a fulcrum truth, it is a way of being in the world.

But how can one *be* in the world and yet see the core of human reality as saying "No"? Dostoevsky's famous Underground Man who retreats to a St. Petersburg cellar for spite seems a better figure for "the man who says no." How does Sartre get out of inner negation onto the top of a barrel in front of the Renault works in 1970? How did Descartes get out of his self-imposed freedom? No one has been very attracted by his solution, but he insists that he needs a God to make the rescue. Trapped in his own doubt, assured only of himself as negator, Descartes finally concludes that the world which is *given* to him is underwritten by a trustworthy God who would not be likely to fill his head with garbage. Radical doubt needs radical solutions.

For those who find the persistence of philosophical puzzles some proof that there may be something in the subject after all, it is surprising to note that Sartre moves not a step beyond Descartes. Given the radical otherness of human reality—a "hole in being," like Descartes's doubter who always escapes getting stuck in the deterministic fullness of things—Sartre also finds in God the only way "out of the hole." But, alas, there is no God. Sartre who was raised a Catholic in an indifferently religious household, claimed that he lost his belief in God at age twelve while waiting for two girls at a bus stop in La Rochelle. The event may have been casual, the results were not. Sartre criticized the French professors of the 1880s who thought that they could dispose of God as a useless hypothesis and yet retain "morality, society and a law-abiding world. . . . The existentialist, on the contrary, finds it extremely embarrassing that God does not exist, for there disappears with Him all possibility of finding values in an intelligible heaven."

Human reality is pure only as absolute freedom but that is also absolute negation, withdrawal, alienation from the given world. What good is such a radical freedom? No good at all. You can't *do* anything with it since to do *something* is already to betray that freedom. If I decide to marry, I lose my options; if I decide not to marry, I lose my options. No wonder Underground or a German barracks room at night look like the only preserves for pure freedom. Human beings are in a dilemma of a God to whom all things are possible—as long as He creates nothing. Once there is a world with Jean-Paul Sartre, not *all* things are possible. A traditional deity might carry off the trick of being wholly free *and* determinatively decisive, but humans aren't up to it. Nevertheless that is their deepest longing, their fundamental life project.

> Everything happens as if the world, man and man-in-the world succeeded only in realizing a missing God. Everything happens as if human freedom and nature were presented in a state of disintegration to an ideal synthesis.

I think that a reasonable case can be made that Sartre is the first serious atheist of the Christian tradition. As he himself noted, though atheism had been long proclaimed, no one seemed at all troubled by God's absence. Something else—Nature, Humanity, Love—would serve the traditional function of the Supreme Being. Sartre is rigorous enough to see that these strategies are failures. The absence of God haunts the human world. In a superbly observed passage he discusses how a situation can be determined by an absence. I go to a cafe to meet a friend and I scrutinize the place only to discover that he is not there.

> When I enter the cafe in search of Pierre, there is found the synthetic organization of all objects in the cafe as the ground on which Pierre is about to appear . . . But now Pierre is not here. This does not mean that I discover his absence in some particular spot in the establishment. In fact Pierrre is absent from the *whole* cafe; his absence congeals the cafe in its evanescence . . . it makes itself ground for a determined figure; it carries the figure everywhere in front of it . . . Pierre absent haunts this cafe . . .

Similarly the vanishing of God is not a piece left out in the corner of our world, it is an absence which haunts us everywhere.

HOW DOES the absence of God from the world affect my life? Just as Descartes discovered, without God the negator can never *validate* the world—it may be all a dream or my personal fiction. In Sartre it is only slightly different; without God the world suffers a *fundamental* vanishing of value. A Christian novelist like Mauriac may tell a story like *The Vipers' Tangle* in which the presence of divine grace discovers love in the heart of a disintegrated human relation. Something works below and beyond the human will to destruction. In contrast, Sartre's stories are almost universally about human relations in the process of disintegration from earlier communion. There is human faith, hope and love but they work their way only as long as the individual maintains them in continuous creation. There can be no reliance on the theological virtues of faith, hope and love which validate and sustain those human gestures.

For Sartre, human reality is divine reality without the ontological goods. The lived world is not a dream, it is a kind of fiction, it is our continuous creation in the manner of a God who also creates out of nothing. (The Christian deity lacks Plato's value blueprints, the Forms.) Nowhere is this notion of life as a semi-divine fiction more strikingly evident than in

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Sartre's brief autobiographical work, *The Words*. The most interesting way to read the book is to think of Jean-Paul as Jesus Christ. This is not the life which most of us sense—something we fell into, something that has a lot of *happenings*. *The Words* is a book in which the narrative is wholly transferred from chance to choice in the manner of tales of divine providence. Sartre's father died when he was an infant. An unfortunate happening? No. "Jean Baptiste had refused me the pleasure of making his acquaintance." Jean-Paul as the Divine Son? "Rather than the son of a dead man, I was given to understand that I was the child of miracle . . . I keep creating myself; I am the giver and the gift." Sartre said that his life had been destroyed when he could no longer be a writer. There is a deeper sense to that claim than the mere effect of blindness. To Sartre, *the* human task is to be a writer, the novelist of a life written out in actual deeds. The fictive creation which one throws over a life of chance is only *words*, however; it takes a true Word to compose not only autobiography but life itself.

Sartre was famous in the public eye for his various political stands. Existentialists—they all refuse the title, but it remains—have been everywhere on the political spectrum. Marcel was a monarchist of sorts; Sartre was a kind of Communist. Heidegger endorsed either the Nazi party or the Trappists at his infamous Inaugural lecture at Fribourg. I believe that Sartre, like the others, has absolutely no political philosophy at all. What they all have is a philosophy of human community which is something very different. In conversation some twenty years ago, Marcel told me how much he had been impressed with the warm affective relations between blacks and whites in the South. It had given him a whole new evaluation of the racial issue in America. It is typical of existentialists to perceive the human communion of a situation and ignore the *institution*. Political philosophy, in my view, is concerned with institutions. Slavery was a wicked institution as was its nasty descendant, Jim Crow. Still, Marcel was correct that even in wicked institutions human beings love and trust one another. Conversely, no institution from the family to the church guarantees human community. Sartre kept embracing and attacking Communism wherever, in some particular historical configuration, moments of human community were achieved or denied.

Sartre's late "political" work, *The Critique of Dialectical Reason*, which attempts to wed Marxism to existentialism, is a tortured text with fascinating insights on the way in which human beings gather. I cannot believe it will be regarded as his greatest contribution. Theology not politics was Sartre's *métier*. Sartre's philosophy is St. Thomas *less* God in Christ. Thomas was overawed by the priority of existence over essence, at the too-muchness of divine existence. Sartre is equally overwhelmed in the most famous passage in his immense *oeuvre*:

> And then all at once it was as clear as day: existence had suddenly unveiled itself . . . the diversity of things was only a veneer. This veneer had melted, leaving soft, monstrous lumps, in disorder—naked with a frightful obscene nakedness . . . All things gently, tenderly were letting themselves exist like weary women giving way to laughter . . . If you existed, you had to exist to excess, to the point of moldiness, bloatedness, obscenity . . .
>
> *(Nausea)*

The too-muchness which Sartre's hero finds obscene, is the Christian's *holy*—the *glory* of God so much spoken of in liturgical texts. In an intellectual climate in which theism seems at best a charming anachronism or a logical muddle, Sartre's profound atheism reveals by contrast what Christian theism may be all about.

Media

WHITE HOUSE PILLARS

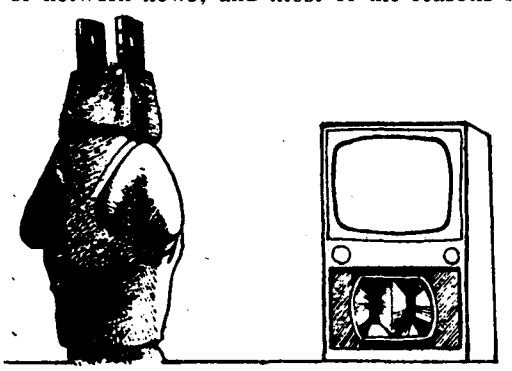
IS DEMOCRACY 'MADE FOR TV'?

I LIKE to watch the seasons come and go, not, as Wordsworth or Thoreau might do, by actually venturing out-of-doors, where these seasons display a disconcerting variation of temperature, nor by looking out my window, where the changing scene, though pleasant, has no historical pizz-azz, but by looking just behind Lesley Stahl's head at those two shrubs and that patch of grass on the White House lawn. Sometimes the head is that of Robert Pierpoint or Lee Thornton, or if I switch from CBS to NBC it's Judy Woodruff, or on ABC Sam Donaldson. The shrubs, however, and the curving sidewalk, the grass, and the midsection of the White House pillars remain the same, through sunlight, spring blossoms, rain, frost, sleet, and snow; through Republican and Democratic administrations; through hostage crises, volcanic eruptions, gas lines, and presidential campaigns.

I learned from Mr. Pierpoint that at about 6:23 Eastern time the three networks often jostle, elbow, and scramble for the best spot on that lawn. When one network's correspondent blows his or her lines representatives of the others, waiting with their camera crews, have been known to make remarks unsuitable for family programming. "Sometimes," he said, "it gets pretty hairy."

Why would three grown-up networks do that?

In the answers to that question you can discern most of the defects of network news, and most of the reasons for one



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sizable effect it has had on public life, the implicit and unintentional building up of the presidency, at the expense of other institutions.

The networks are intensely competitive, of course, as this nightly scramble testifies, and they must provide something for my eyes to feast upon other than the changing neckties, or hairdos, of the correspondents That seasonally varying glimpse of the actual lawn, the actual shrubs, the actual curving sidewalk, and especially the actual white pillars gives visual vindication to their claim to be reporting for their network "at the White House."

The network news itself does move indoors, occasionally, to be sure, and show an established correspondent standing beside a podium with a seal on it; Marvin and Bernard Kalb at the State Department for CBS tend to be indoor reporters. And the networks do show the lawns, doorways, and fronts of other buildings. Fred Graham and Carl Stern stand before the Supreme Court building, Ike Pappas before the Pentagon, Richard Valeriani in front of some glass doors at the State Department. Reporters covering Congress stand in a parking lot from which the camera can catch a piece of the Capitol dome. But as a visual convenience for network news the White House facade is in a class by itself.

It extends its magic even out across Pennsylvania Avenue into Lafayette Park, as I learned recently in a small encounter of my own. I was sitting one day in my office in the middle of the country, tending to my slow-paced business, when the telephone rang, and life abruptly accelerated. Five hours after I had been somnolently grading undergraduate examinations I found myself sitting in a first-class seat on a TWA flight to Washington, at the initiative and the expense of the ABC network. I was put up overnight in a first-class hotel, fed a first-class breakfast, and escorted then to Lafayette Park, where on a park bench I delivered some tourist-class opinions. I was then promptly flown back home again, first-class once more, in time to watch myself energetically giving off interpretations for perhaps 45 seconds on ABC's evening news program. I was accompanied on the screen by the park bench, the ABC interviewer, the passing cars on Pennsylvania Avenue, and—the whole point of the expensive logistics—the distant white columns in front of the executive mansion.

Sam Donaldson, the interviewer, had complained at breakfast in the Madison Hotel, "We have to do everything so *fast*," a point with which, digesting my matudinal omelette in this surprising setting, I could not disagree. An hour later, as I was sitting in the park, avoiding the pigeons, confessing that I didn't care which side of me was exposed to the World News Tonight, and watching the crew arrange its cameras to capture the one bench, the two heads, and the four columns, I heard Mr. Donaldson say "Now it's time for Donaldson's Law. Just when you are ready to shoot the wind will blow."

The wind that blows a reporter's hair, the angle from which a camera shows his jaw, the pillars that can be seen behind the face, and the precise second at which the report comes to an end—these extraneous considerations take on a heavy significance for a medium defined by sight, sound, personality, intense competition, an entertainment context, gargantuan audiences and obscenely valuable moments of time. Along with Mr. Donaldson's Law there must be another, of more general application: the larger the audience and the more elaborate and expensive the technique the harder it is to communicate anything worth communicating.

Commercial network television, defined by the conditions listed above, prefers the White House and the presidency to Congress, the Supreme Court, the cabinet, the great grey bureaucracies, or the complications of state and local government. The White House is an instantly identifiable building, known to all, and—unlike the Capitol—it has only one principal occupant, also presumably known to all. Moreover, this occupant is thought to stand at the top and center of the nation and of world politics; abruptly with one picture of him sitting in his oval office or striding into his press conference or descending the steps of his Air Force One, or even of the front of the mansion inside which he is presumed to be making weighty decisions, one can evoke the drama of world history. In addition this "institution" has the convenient virtue of consisting of just one human person, suitably equipped with quirks, a palace guard, a detailed daily schedule, and relatives . . . in the present case, a family sent over by central casting. Why does network television favor the presidency? Because it fits its own nature and convenience.

When Mr. Pierpoint was asked, at a seminar dealing with these matters, why TV doesn't do more investigative reporting he answered, candidly, that the monetary rewards for TV reporters come from being seen there on the screen, not for spending eleven months digging into a story. Asked whether the networks devote too much of their time and staff to the White House, he replied not only that anything that happens to or is done by the president is news, but also that almost any other event in the world, from a hockey team's victory to an earthquake in Peru, reverberates in some way in the White House. Failing everything else on a news day—and after all news days come around in a dreadfully daily way—there is always something that can be extracted from that one building.

So Congress fades, and the Supreme Court is reduced to unintelligible pen sketches and unintelligible sixty-second summaries of complicated decisions; cabinet members and their departments are reduced to pictures of the plaques in front of indistinguishable buildings. And the presidency grows if not in actual power at least in cultural centrality.

Roone Arledge, the head of ABC sports who, without blinking, became the head also of ABC news, said once that the best sport for television is *boxing*. "It has all the elements of every kind of television that fascinates people. The small ring—not a big playing space like a baseball diamond. The primitive, simple act so easy to understand . . . in boxing you have people who are not only not in the kind of big, anonymous uniforms that football players wear, but in fact their body, their faces, almost everything about them is visible, and right there in your living room. You get to know them as people. You fight with them. You get in close. It's made for television."

Now, if Mr. Arledge can painlessly mingle sports television

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with news television I may be allowed to transfer his quotation from the one to the other. For commercial television Congress is like baseball and football, the presidency like boxing: The small ring; you get to know him; you get in close; it's made for television.

The deliberative process of constitutional democracy, however, is not "made for television" if you define television in Roone Arledge's way, which is also the way of American commercial television. The democratic process is many-sided, complex, and slow. It does not take place in a small ring; the number of players is large; the decisive action is usually not as primitive as a sock in the jaw. Nevertheless it could be carried superbly on television, if the economic and conceptual foundation of the medium were different—if the requirements as to time, money, size of audience, instant simple drama were altered. We have samples of what could be: the House Judiciary Committee considering Richard Nixon's impeachment; the Ervin Watergate committee on PBS; the Kefauver and Army-McCarthy hearings in the early days of television. The viewing public did get to know a group of legislators, and to view them disagreeing with each other, in their own setting, in something like their governmental role. These events engaged the public in the conversation of politics, as interviews by correspondents sticking microphones in the face of people in hallways do not do. When you see a televised piece of the debate in the Canadian parliament you wish that could happen here.

Mr. Pierpoint made a couple of revealing remarks that showed why it won't happen here, while the big commercial units define the medium. He repeatedly referred to the CBS Evening News as "The Cronkite Show," and he said that the networks use the White House assignment to "showcase" their "stars." A regular appearance on that White House lawn, and at the presidential press conferences, and on presidential trips, helps to make Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, Bob Shieffer, and Lesley Stahl recognizable to the millions upon millions the networks need to attract. Dan Rather would not be the eight-million-dollar man had it not been for his visibility as a White House correspondent, including a moment when at a press conference he responded, on television, to the president of the United States, improper retort for improper retort. It was bad form but, by the commercial measure, good television.

We have now this fourth branch of government that makes its decisions on grounds of its own private interest: celebrities, ratings, money. The symbol of the situation is this: Again and again the TV interviewer, even if not Barbara Walters, is better known than the interviewee. The star is the network's anchor person or correspondent; the assortment of senators, cabinet members, members of the House of Representatives, prime ministers from other countries, ambassadors to the United Nations, seem much less important, because less well-known and celebrated, than the television people who ask them questions. The latter are familiar figures, visible again and again on that screen, and they are at home on their own turf in their own medium. The government officials, by contrast, clear their throats, squirm in the studio chairs, dodge the hectoring questions of the TV interviewers, and find themselves in the middle of a sentence when it is time for a commercial.

The current system has however this advantage: I can watch those shrubs, and when Lesley Stahl once more appears before them in her lovely fur coat and blue scarf I will know that it is winter.

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

Books: SELFHOOD & RESISTANCE

WHEN MEMORY COMES

Saul Friedlander

Translated by Helen Lane

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $9.95, 186 pp.

MY HOME, MY PRISON

Raymonda Hawa Tawil

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.95, 265 pp.

Tamar Jacoby

IN 1942 Pavel Friedlander's parents began to sense that the circle was closing in, and that as foreign Jewish refugees living in Vichy France, they could be certain of nothing in the future. They arranged for their son to be put in the care of the nuns of the Catholic Sodality. Rechristened Paul-Henri—an unmistakably French and Catholic name—the Czech boy passed the war years at Sodality boarding schools, unaware that his parents were deported and eventually killed at Auschwitz. In writing *When Memory Comes*, an eliptical, meditative account of his childhood and his decision to go to Palestine in 1947, Friedlander is trying to come to terms with his feeling that he lived "on the edges of catastrophe . . . not so much a victim as—a spectator."

But even in the safe and ordered world of the nuns, the boy was troubled by a strange "melancholy apathy." He sleepwalked and was unable to make friends. He became feverish and, deciding to let himself die, waded into an icy stream. When he recovered, his memory of his parents had faded. He buried himself in his studies, a seamless school routine, the certainties of the Catholic faith. When the resistance fighters arrived in August 1944, the nuns and their charges mourned the passing of Marshal Pétain; Paul-Henri stayed on at the school, studying to become a Jesuit priest. But then his unexplained moodiness returned—a growing, paralyzing fear of death that isolated him from friends and prevented him from working. He had never heard of Auschwitz and seemed to have forgotten that he was a

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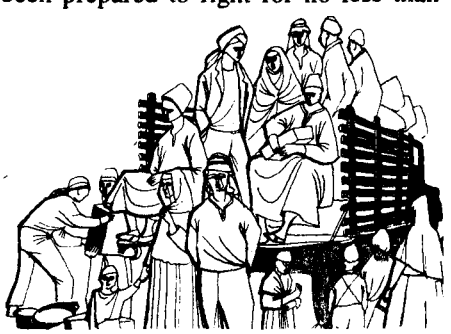
Jew; he vaguely assumed that his parents had been delayed, perhaps by illness or quarantine, in coming to find him at the school. It was some months later, after a conversation with a Jesuit who might have become his teacher, that he realized they were dead: "For the first time, I felt myself to be Jewish." By 1947, when he left France for Israel, he was prepared to fight for the Zionist cause.

Looking back during the summer of 1977, Friedlander returns again and again to the "necessary defenses" that protect us from our own suffering. He writes of "the extraordinary mechanism of memory" and its power to conceal "the unbearable." He mentions a study done by a friend of children's perceptions of death: when young Israelis were shown a picture of animals fleeing gigantic flames—an image that terrified Swiss children—many of them saw only animals playing together. And he himself says very little about the Nazis: there is a single rapid glimpse of Treblinka, a description of another friend's film. It is a single bright flare of the horror that remains hidden in the rest of the book. But even as he recalls the film, he is struck by the incongruous "soft spring sky, in Rome" where one survivor talks of Auschwitz. Friedlander has no fascination with horror. His experience has made him reticent, and he knows the danger of self-pity and of taking pride in one's own suffering.

But he also knows that he cannot deny his memories, not even the unthinkable ones that seem "buried once and for all." He looks back over the interrupted pattern of his life—a series of abrupt and thoroughgoing shifts of identity, as he moved from Prague to Vichy France in 1939, then in 1946 from the Sodality school to the Jewish quarter of Paris, and less than two years later to Israel. And yet for all the changes, he is struck above all by the "imperious resurgence of the past" that he first recognized as a child unable to sleep in a convent dormitory and then again when he decided to go to Israel with a group of Betar, the youth movement associated with the Irgun guerrillas.

He was determined not to become a passive victim—not to repeat the mistake of his parents who died, he suggests bitterly, for a Jewish identity they had denied in trying to live as if they were French or Czech. He also had a personal score to settle: now, some three years after leaving the Sodality school, he would "prove" that he was Jewish by fighting "alongside all the Jews who are dying in Palestine." He left for Israel "to answer violence with force . . . Only within the framework of the state could we answer violence with force."

But if the "logic" that led him to embrace Zionism as a high school student in 1947—"Didn't we have to abandon our role as victims?"—seemed coherent enough, it was in part because Freidlander did not yet know what Zionism would mean for Palestine. He and the other young Betar sailing from Marseilles to Tel Aviv on the cargo ship *Altalena* had been prepared to fight for no less than



"both banks of the Jordan," even if that meant subverting the 1947 UN Partition Plan and the official policy of David Ben Gurion's government.

Thirty years later, Friedlander is concerned with the sacrifice of lives and the expulsion of the Arabs who had been living in Palestine. He recognizes "the permanence of the Jewish world, but also the permanence of the Arab world too—now face to face." More disturbing though are the fundamental contradictions in the Zionist project and what he sees as the character of the people who have been drawn to it. Long troubled by the inflexibility of official Israeli policies, it is in 1973 that he first understood that "our intransigence was based on principle."

He circles back again and again to the troubling Israeli habit of unquestioning loyalty to the nation and its ideals. He recalls the Jews that he met in Paris: "they move forward with passion, but also blindly," drawn by a "vision of the group." Many Israelis too, he finds, are guided by a traditional sense of identity: "Since the beginning of its history, this people has seen itself as alone and surrounded by enemies." They are unable to "believe in peace."

Writing at the time of Sadat's first visit to Jerusalem in December 1977, Friedlander is more uneasy than jubilant: more than ever, this was a time to ask why the pursuit of security had led again and again to war. "The peace initiatives are going to bring to light the hidden contradictions in our society."

Finally it is the contradictions in his own feelings about Zionism that seem most vivid, and most unsettling in *When Memory Comes*. He doesn't deny the need he once felt to take up arms. More than anything, though, Freidlander would like to believe in peace—and unlike many Israelis he is prepared to make the necessary compromises.

Several times in *My Home, My Prison*, Raymonda Tawil makes the now fairly commonplace observation that the Palestinians are the Jews of the Arab world. Certainly this account of her own experience, first as an Arab child brought up in Israel, later organizing protests in the occupied West Bank, bears witness to the Palestinians' sense that they too are a persecuted people whose only recourse is violence. Not only are they a people without a homeland, but also, as her sometimes shrill book shows, a people whose notion of their own suffering has encouraged unquestioning loyalty to a nationalist cause.

Tawil was born in Acre, then part of Arab Palestine, the daughter of a shipping merchant and an educated woman who had lived in America. In 1947 her father refused to sell his land to the Jews, but when he fled from the country some months later the property was confiscated by Ben Gurion's government. It was thought that Raymonda would be safest in Israel; her parents were Orthodox Christians, and she could be sent to convent schools. She left Israel some ten years later, just before graduating from high school, to join her brothers in Jordan: "As an Arab, did I have any future in the Jewish-dominated state of

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Israel?'' In Amman she married, but soon convinced her husband to move ''back to Palestine,'' to the town of Nablus, then part of Jordan. When Israeli troops arrived in the West Bank in 1967, she was hiding in a shelter with her children, recalling the war of 1948—for her, an eerily similar galling defeat.

Defeat does not suit Raymonda Tawil, a courageous and often brash woman, used to asserting her way. And yet she dwells on the humiliation of the Palestinians in the occupied West Bank. She reports the deportation of refugees from towns destroyed by Israeli troops: bedraggled columns of people, bused to the border where they wait on line to sign documents declaring they will not return to Israel. According to Tawil, the dazed refugees had less need for aid and UNRWA rations than for something to restore the dignity they had lost when their homes were destroyed. Her own relief work took her to Jerusalem, where she smarted at the triumphant celebrations. Those Palestinians who stayed in the West Bank were sullen and indifferent. The women seemed to dress more drably; to Tawil they appeared to be hiding behind the traditional veils that had largely disappeared before the war. Many of the men were jobless; trade and financial connections with Jordan had been cut and many refused to look for work in Israel. The children of the West Bank were forced to learn Israeli history at school.

Proud as she is, Tawil feeds on the shame and despondency of the Palestinians to strengthen her resolve. *My Home, My Prison* traces the growth of Palestinian nationalism from the early 1960s when the Hashemite monarchy in Jordan refused to allow the people of the West Bank to arm themselves to resist Israeli raids. Political activity was banned, a strict curfew imposed, radicals were sent to what Tawil calls concentration camps. Humiliated first by the Jews who had driven them from Palestine, now by other Arabs, many Palestinians began to advocate a more radical view of self-determination. What united them was their common suffering; only in the name of a state could they answer violence with force.

At the ''salons'' that Tawil began to hold in her home, attended by Palestinian intellectuals and foreign journalists, the PLO was already a central topic in 1964-5. Her guests argued about their tactics; for her what is important is that by taking up arms, the terrorists ''restored our sense of dignity and self-respect.'' ''I would gladly have seized a bomb'' she says, ''and flung myself at the enemy, regardless of the cost.'' But she has moral scruples.

Tawil deplores violence and oppression in any form; she advocates dialogue between Israelis and Palestinians, and knows that an effective solution will not be one that is forced on either poeple; she seems sincere in the belief that they can ''live side by side in mutual respect.'' But these moderate views are no match for the indignation she feels, that righteous indignation nourished by her sense of the Palestinians' suffering. Speaking for the people of the West Bank and for women in Arab society, she dislikes the idea that ''might is right.'' But she is convinced that what she sees as the psychological costs of oppression can only be redressed by fighting back. Concerned as she is to protest the injustice done in the name of security in the West Bank—the hasty arrests, the torture of suspected radicals, the demolition of their families' houses and extended confiscation of land—what now matters most for her is simply the act of resistance.

She holds firmly to the notion that the terrorist attack on the Kiryat Shmonah schoolhouse in 1974 was justifiable retaliation for an Israeli raid on Beirut exactly a year earlier. She sees it as a matter of honor, blood for blood. ''Like the Palestinian people as a whole, the PLO is fighting for its very existence.'' Seeing red in this way, her reservations about the guerrillas collapse. In a way not unlike traditional diaspora Jews regarding Israel, she feels she cannot criticize her defenders.

Tawil has been arrested twice for her part in the Palestinians' struggle—for organizing civilian demonstrations, particularly among women and high school students, and for her contacts with the PLO and with west bank Mayors. As in the case of the people she speaks for, this harassment by Israelis seems only to have strengthened her determination to go on fighting for the Palestinian cause. She is proud of her stubbornness and defiance. She is also trapped by it.

The present and future gospel

MESSAGE AND EXISTENCE:
AN INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY

Langdon Gilkey

Seabury, $10.95, 257 pp.

Leo J. O'Donovan

IN THE EASTER season, many readers would find the most relevant passages of Langdon Gilkey's book in its final chapter. There he discusses an experiential pattern of crucifixion and resurrection in four major contexts in which it appears: our personal relations, our lives in the community of the church, the wider communal context of social life and interaction with nature, and, finally, the historical process as a whole. Gilkey's gift for diagnosis of religious and cultural situations has always been coupled with skill at relating current questions and traditional wisdom. He pursues his reflections with palpable personal investment and integrity, and that gives him a special appeal among contemporary American theologians.

In the pages I have mentioned, his intention is to show that the Christian gospel ''is both spiritual and political, involving both an inward healing of sin and an outward transformation of history's institutions.'' Through connecting the personal and the institutional dimensions of human existence with the symbols of the Holy Spirit and the Kingdom, he provides an adroit summary of the Christian message's encouragement for the present and its promise for the future. At the same time he shows how much mainstream twentieth century theology

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can learn from political and liberationist theologies.

The book as a whole sets itself an ambitious and deceptively simple task, namely, to present a brief overview of Christian faith. Thus it risks challenging comparisons with Adolph von Harnack's *The Essence of Christianity* and Karl Adam's *The Spirit of Catholicism*, or more recently, with Joseph Ratzinger's *Introduction to Christianity* and Wolfhart Pannenberg's *The Apostles' Creed*.

A distinctive feature of Gilkey's work is his extensive and consistent effort to relate the Gospel to present experience, its message to our existence. Though the terms of his title may suggest an existentialist perspective, the book as a whole makes it clear again that the author has moved from the essentially neo-orthodox position of his first writings such as *Maker of Heaven and Earth*, through the foundations of a secular theology which were laid in *Naming the Whirlwind*, to the increasingly critical and practical correlation between Christian symbolism and today's human prospect which he attempted in *Reaping the Whirlwind*. This introduction follows the order of the articles in the Creed, treating in turn the question of belief, God as provident creator, Jesus as the Christ, Holy Spirit. Each section considers common experience before it turns to analysis of the specifically Christian symbol that illuminates the experience. But nowhere is the light of faith excluded from the process. If it plays directly only on the second phase in each stage of the reflections, it is elsewhere evident at least by the shadows it casts. As believers we are invited first to consider the situation we share with all human beings and then to appreciate the new perspective and orientation the symbolic content of our faith provides.

The way Gilkey presents the content of faith is the second distinctive feature of his book. Frequently one notes the influence of his teachers—the echoes of Reinhold Niebuhr's moral passion and cultural sensitivity, the revision of Paul Tillich's view that religion is basically a concern for ultimacy and that theology proceeds by a method of correlation. Gilkey is original, however, in his search to think faith and its content in a thoroughly dynamic way. Even if he only partially succeeds, he is arresting in his effort to present an essentially processive view of the ethos of belief, of God in history, of Christ as God's divine activity in and through the history of Jesus, and of the Spirit as gathering a new human community in anticipation of the Kingdom. Uniting these topics is an alternating movement of positive experience, conflict, and resolution or, in more technical terms, a dialectic of affirmation, negation, and then higher reaffirmation. Our temporality is seen as derived from a self-limiting God, our estrangement overcome by a self-giving Jesus, and our community re-established by an outpouring of new love. To the alternating movement or dialectic of reality corresponds the dialectic of our symbols, the sighting of resurrection hope in the cross of Jesus to which our misuse of freedom and nature have led him—and us.

It might be asked whether Gilkey's account of symbols clearly enough relates them to the needs of conceptual analysis or thought on the one hand and literary context or narrative on the other. Likewise, one wants to hear more from the author about his distinction between literal or factual truth and symbolic truth, especially since, heavily influenced by Hans Küng's christology, he proposes a limited but relatively reliable historical knowledge of the life of Jesus. But these are points for further discussion. More important now is the immediate lesson of interpretative faith with which this book presents us.

"From every point of view we are children of the critical habit," wrote Paul Ricoeur some twenty years ago; "it is impossible for us to believe without interpreting." To see a great teacher at this task is inevitably to learn as much about *how* it may be done as about its actual results. Indeed, I wondered after closing the book if it were not so much a general introduction to Christian theology as an introduction for Gilkey's own students. Often I wished I could hear him reading pages of the text, giving it the clarifying emphasis and inflection of the spoken word. At any rate, for those who are unable to sit in the lecture halls of the

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University of Chicago's Swift Hall, here is a convenient sampling of what they might hear there, and to whom they might go with their further questions.

Working it out

LOOKING FOR WORK

Susan Cheever
Simon and Schuster, $8.95, 188 pp.

Cheryl Rivers

IN RECENT YEARS we have read numerous novels about young women who force themselves to adjust to husbands' careers, all the while feeling deprived of their own careers, and who, eventually and at great cost, leave their husbands to make it in the big city on their own talents. Even if we hadn't read all those novels about such women, we would know the story, for such women are also very much a part of "real" life outside novels. Susan Cheever's novel, *Looking for Work*, then, belongs to a tradition of realism which sets itself the task of illuminating the way we all live now. Moreover, Cheever's novel is an attractive contribution to what we have begun to recognize as a female realistic style in which brand names, store names, and restaurant names — *Cosmopolitan*, Saks, Cartier, Tiffany, Erno Laslo, Johnny Walker Red — serve as objective correlatives and mark the limits of the characters' lives. Following the trends of the recent social novel, Cheever gives us the *de rigueur* contrasts of New York and California, adding to these mythologies acute observations and quick delineations of difference. She provides the psychiatrist scenes (with a Dr. Silvertone) without which no female bildungsroman can be convincing. But Cheever is really a stronger writer than the use of such devices would imply. She plays with style, abruptly changing pace, mood, and vision. She is capable of intimate, wry commentary and of showy descriptions of events as scenes from movies. An entire chapter which takes place at the shore is life as if in one of those gauzy-lensed deodorant commercials, reminding us that we tend to see ourselves in the idioms that movies and television have provided. Scenes of happiness — the only happy time of Salley's marriage to Jason — *must* be remembered as slow-motion running on a beach. These movie devices — and as one reads, one looks forward to the movie version — are fluent and gently revealing. In the gentleness we see what makes this novel different from many of the others about woman's fate in the world today. Cheever's very real accomplishment in *Looking for Work* is the vividness with which she has observed the familiar plight of her heroine and the gentle affection with which she draws her cast of characters. She has avoided turning her characters into parodies; her belief in her characters allows us to believe in them and to care about their predicaments.

When we first meet Salley, the child of privilege, she is falling into marriage with Jason, a writer-editor and the son of family friends. The courtship and living-together part of Salley and Jason's relationship is imbued with uncertainty. In order to live with Jason in New York, Salley has to give up something which isn't exactly desirable (a reporting job in Laramie, Wyoming) for something which may not be better. Salley's uncertainty, however, doesn't seem to her to be a reason against marriage. She feels that Jason's competence and self-assurance (like Dad's) will be enough for both of them. Her happy delusion doesn't last long. When the fashionable wedding party is soured by the weeping and pushing of Jason's daughters by a first marriage, Jason's self-possession evaporates; and Salley notes how she feels about this first betrayal: "His confusion made me sick." The rest of the marriage — six years' worth — is the tale of how Salley extricates herself from Jason and how she gains some confidence of her own.

Here we come to the supposed focus of the novel: work. It used to be that women's fiction concentrated on the search for love, marriage and eternal happiness. Jane Austen's wonderful novels are still immensely popular with "liberated women" because in the end they always deliver eternal married bliss. *Looking for Work* shows the transmutation or displacement of values which women have experienced in the last decade or so. Cheever tells us that love, marriage, and even sex no longer have the redemptive qualities so widely advertised in popular culture, common sense, and our own psyches. To be sure, love is still nice, and ideally no woman should be without the love of a good man. Salley's passionate, loving affair with Max Angelo, the famous and sophisticated sculptor, shows us that Salley has what it takes to stand up to men. She can hold her own in bed and in conversation with interesting men. From Max she learns that she can be more than a housewife, but she also learns that Max needs her to be the assured part of the partnership, and this means giving up a budding carrer in New York to go to California to be with Max. Suddenly, she knows that she can't live through a man. She learns that if you are a strong, intelligent, and self-respecting woman, love is not all you need. You also need work.

Thus, at several points throughout this novel, Salley sends out résumés and goes to interviews. Not surprisingly, Salley receives no job offers and spends most of her time reading novels, musing, and not vacuuming her apartment. Having been a cub reporter on the *Laramie Eagle* doesn't quite get one the jobs Salley expects to have. But what does she expect? We gather from Cheever's characters — editors, writers, academics, artists —

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that creativity is what's important. Salley mopes around waiting for her creativity to be unleashed. In the meantime, she allows herself to be supported by Jason. Separation from him does not change this pattern. For long stretches of the book Salley is as boring and as irritating a character as recent fiction has produced. When Salley asks about herself, "If she is so unhappy, why doesn't she get off her ass and do something about it?", we want to applaud.Still, for many chapters we have to suffer Salley's malaise and inertia.

I think Cheever is trying to show us the result of the pressures put on women to be superwomen who succeed at love, marriage, child-rearing, and work. For years to come, psychologists and sociologists will probably discuss the conflicts and muddles that changing expectations have put on the female American psyche. This cultural phenomenon is genuinely compelling. And as we wait for the expert opinions on the superwomen of the seventies and eighties, we can read *Looking for Work* as an important analysis of the contemporary female psyche.

Yet for all of her powers of analysis and characterization, Cheever has somehow let us down. If her book is disappointing in the end, it is because we have become impatient with Salley Gardens's dumbness. To be sure, she lands on her own two feet in the end — but despite herself. Her *deus ex machina* job and promotion at *Newsweek*, symbolizing — finally — a recognition of her intelligence and endurance, does not impress us as much as it does Salley herself. Cheever has given us a character who despite her growth still cannot see herself as deserving, capable, or smart. Salley's sudden ability to turn her pursuit of men into articles for *The Village Voice* is just too slick: the search for love becomes the search for work. Salley, in escaping mundane housewifery, the "burden" of babies, and the compromises of love, has fallen into a chic contemporaneity which Cheever doesn't convince us offers more.

Salley's last words, addressed directly to the reader are disappointingly coy: "But there is no going back and unraveling those old mistakes, although there are plenty of times now when I don't think I'll ever get married, or have children, or love anyone again in the wonderful simple he'll-take-care-of-me way that I loved Jason. Or ever love again at all, really. I'm not very tough, if you must know, but that's a secret."If Salley has learned anything, surely she has learned that getting what one wants is precisely what strength is. Her "Gee-whiz, look at little me!" attitude is not the appropriate response to what she's been through. Can she truly prefer to see herself still as a child-woman victim of luck, some bad, some good? Is Cheever afraid to let her character grow up? Doesn't she want to believe in the character she created?

Salley Gardens has engaged our affection. We believe in her because her conflicts are real. We want her to succeed and be happy. Our irritation is thus an accolade to the writer who has created such a character and caused us to care about her like an old college roommate or an old, dear friend.

The social, religious, & personal matrix

JUNG IN CONTEXT
PETER HOMANS
Univ. of Chicago, $15, 234 pp.

James Neafsey

IN THIS BOOK Peter Homans takes a fresh approach to Jungian studies free of both anti-Jungian polemics and worshipful Jungian fundamentalism. His method is to locate the genesis of Jung's original psychological ideas in their social, religious and personal contexts. Homans is after the "keystone"—the synthetic insight that holds together the essential structure of Jung's system. Such fundamental intuitions of a creative thinker are difficult to define, and the problem is compounded in Jung's case by the volume, complexity and notably unsystematic style of his work. Homans works from the assumption that great and innovative psychologists create their systems of thought "partly as a response to social conditions and partly as a response to their intellectual heritage, as the two forces are mediated through the double movement of experience and reflection in their personal lives." (p. 7). The core of Jung's mature thought is an attempt to reconcile these three factors in theory and therapeutic practice. Homans attempts to carefully unravel these threads that Jung has woven together. Reading the book is like trying to follow the pattern in Celtic interlace.

Homans believes that the emergence of Jung's uniquely "Jungian" ideas can be traced to the "creative illness" which beset Jung from 1913-1918. Jung's estrangement from Freud plunged him into a deep psychological and intellectual disorientation—a period Jung refers to in his autobiography as his confrontation with the unconscious. Homans analyzes Jung's internal conflicts in terms of the psychology of narcissism. He focuses his analysis on issues of self-esteem, idealization, the relationship between pathology and creativity, and the formation of an independent, cohesive sense of self. Homans argues that Jung's relationship with Freud was a kind of "narcissistic merger" characterized by a great deal of unconscious projection and grandiose

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fantasy by both men. When the relationship ended, Jung was faced with the task of reconstructing a new identity. The painful breakdown of the old identity led to a successful breakthrough to a new identity as original psychologist, social critic and re-interpreter of traditional religion. Through naming his own personal experiences during these crisis years Jung created a unique system of psychological ideas.

Jung's experience of religion forms a second context which influenced his mature thought. Homans distinguishes two religious modalities in Jung's experience. On the one hand, Jung was influenced negatively by his father's traditional Protestant Christianity. But inwardly Jung cultivated a private, mystical sense of religious experience with roots in the numinous dreams of early childhood. The conflict between these modes ran through the entire first half of life reaching a kind of climax in the crisis years. During those years Jung developed a complex stance toward religion which repudiated traditional, institutional forms of Christianity while affirming the archetypal meaning of its symbolism. The final stage of the individuation process was the formation of the self through the successful resolution of an encounter with a god-image. Thus Jung's theory of individuation both explained the private, mystical mode of religious experiences, and also re-interpreted the traditional mode in terms of the individuation process.

> *Over the period 1900 to 1918 Jung underwent an incredible series of changes in both his personal, inner life and his thought. . . . The keystone in this synthesis of person and thought was Jung's emergent threefold identity as originative psychologist and critic of Freud, as social critic (explainer of the nature of modernity to modern man), and as prophet (reinterpreter of Christianity in the light of psychoanalysis and the problem of mass man in a mass society).* —Peter Homans
> ***Jung in Context***

The third factor which influenced the making of Jung's psychology is the social situation of mass man in a mass society. Modernity is characterized by rootlessness, depersonalization and either isolation or submission to authority. According to Homans Jung found himself at the intersection of two cultures: traditional Christian culture and modern secular culture. As with his stance toward religious experience, Jung's relationship to modernity is not simple acceptance or rejection, but rather a complex synthesis which attempts to integrate traditional values with secular culture. The individuation process is Jung's attempt at a cure for mass-mindedness. It is particularly effective for those suffering from over-identification with a rigid persona characterized by extraversion and extreme rationality. Therapy consists in dissolving the persona, assimilating the archetypal contents which emerge, and gradually developing the inward perspective of the self. In a sense, the self is a mid-point which mediates between inner and outer demands. It provides a unique and personal perspective to counterbalance the tendency toward uncritical social conformity so dominant in modern culture. The archetypes constitute a kind of innate tradition ingrained in the human psyche. They provide a rootedness that is inwardly rather than institutionally based.

What I found most original and

Liturgical Silence

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Christian faith, wrote Thomas Aquinas, "is directed to the true." To worship the truth, we must first hear and learn the Word of a God "who cannot deceive." The importance of a fully conscious "hearing" gives silence its primary liturgical role: "there was silence, then I heard a voice" (Job 4:16). In *Maxims and Counsels*, St. John of the Cross puts it this way, "The Father spoke one Word, which was His Son, and this Word He always speaks in eternal silence, and in silence must it be heard by the world." . . .

——J. Patrick Dobel, "Liturgical Silence," *Commonweal*, August 3, 1979.

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thought-provoking about the book is the new paradigm that Homans employs skillfully. His "contextual approach" requires a continuous interweaving of social, religious and personal factors which I found consistently illuminating as well as frequently repetitious. The book circles a single, fundamental intuition at the base of Jung's thought. It is as if Homans were trying to recreate that uniquely Jungian insight in his readers.

I also found Homans book a valuable resource for assessing the "hazards and hopes" of the age of narcissism. The growing popularity of Jung's works during the "me decade" which has now drawn to a close suggests that an increasing number of people find that Jung's experiences reflect their own. His popularity can be expected to increase as the forces of depersonalization in modern culture and the decline of traditional religion reach the crisis point in individual lives.

In Brief

WHO GETS AHEAD? THE DETERMINANTS OF ECONOMIC SUCCESS IN AMERICA, *by Christopher Jencks and Associates, Basic Books, $17.50, 397 pp.*

In 1972, Jencks and his colleagues' *Inequality* was one of the most significant—and controversial—products of the educational industry that has flourished since James S. Coleman's HEW-sponsored Report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity* (1966). Jencks *et al.* reanalyzed the data from Coleman's national study, undertaking—in their book's subtitle—"a reassessment of the effect of family and schooling in America." With Coleman, Jencks found that no disparity of educational resources accounted for differential black and white achievement in the schools (as had been anticipated, in the original research). But the Jencks group went further, concluding that racial desegregation and an elusive socio-economic desegregation would have only a marginal effect on equalizing either school success or life chances. *Inequality* attempted "to show in some detail that traditional strategies for equalizing individual earning power will not work," and ended with a muted call for "what some countries call socialism."

These conclusions did not endear Jencks to either the educational establishment or civil rights advocates. They found it easier to dismiss or vilify Jencks, and to ignore the increasing evidence of such revisionist social scientists as Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis, Michael Katz, Colin Greer, and Diane Ravitch, than to abandon the long-cherished myth that the schools are and have always been a key mechanism of upward social mobility in America.

But the data cannot be exorcised. *Who Gets Ahead?* is Jencks's answer to his critics, an exhaustive analysis from twelve data bases of the effects of four types of variables—family background, cognitive skills, personality traits, and years of schooling—on economic success. The book bristles with statistical analyses, and its finely-shaded conclusions cannot be adequately summarized here. The bottom line: family background, particularly father's occupational status, is a much more significant predictor of success than measured IQ, achievement test scores, or amount of schooling. But much was left unexplained. In 1972, Jencks attributed these residual effects to "luck"; in 1979, the reference is to (unmeasured) "attitudes, values, and behavior."

Jencks resists drawing social policy conclusions, which are apparently to be in a forthcoming volume. The reader who plows through *Who Gets Ahead?* will not discover much about "the determinants of economic success in America," except what they are apparently *not*. But he will find considerable evidence to counter our century-long at-

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ROBERT HASSENGER *is on the staff of the Coordinating Center of Empire State College.*

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tempt to solve in the next generation, through children, the social problems their parents could not. If equality is what is sought—and this remains to be demonstrated—more direct means, such as income redistribution, will be required.

ROBERT HASSENGER

Correspondence

(Continued from page 386)

"Genocide in the Jungle," in the April 25 issue. As Mr. Wasserstrom notes, the systematic uprooting of the 10,000-member Yanomamo Indian Nation is one of the most serious human-rights violations now taking place in the Brazilian Amazon. Nearly 1,000 Indians have died from diseases carried by highway workers and from uncontrolled contacts with miners and settlers during the past five years. Meanwhile, the Brazilian National Indian Foundation (FUNAI) has done nothing to protect Indian lands.

For the past year, a campaign has been underway to convince the Brazilian government to create a 16-million acre land area for the Yanomamo. A proposal now rests with FUNAI to establish a well-demarcated and protected Yanomamo Indian Park. Reliable sources in Brazil write that some action will be taken on this proposal by the government within the next two months. They fear, however, that the government will reduce the size of the proposed land area and authorize the exploration of miners on Yanomamo lands.

In response to this critical situation, several organizations have petitioned the Inter-American Human Rights Commission of the Organization of American States to conduct hearings on the need for the proposed Indian Park. Your readers can assist this effort by writing to the president of the commission expressing concern for the future of the Yanomamo Nation and calling for a thorough investigation of Indian policy in Brazil. His address is:

Mr. Thomas Farer, President
Inter-American Human Rights Commission
Organization of American States
19th and Constitution, NW
Washington, DC 20006

SHELTON H. DAVIS
Director, Anthropology Resource Center

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

From the Peace People

Belfast

To the Editors: With regard to Michael McDowell and "Post-Nobel Decline" in *Commonweal* March 28, there are several serious and incorrect implications.

First, the dismissal of Peter McLachlan as chairman was a decision made by the Peace People Executive, reflecting what became for them a unanimous lack of confidence in his leadership. The Peace People position regarding emergency legislation was not, as Mr. McDowell implies, a reason for McLachlan's dismissal or for Mrs. Williams's resignation. Both have long and vocal records in opposition to the emergency laws, a position which has been ratified by the membership at three successive assemblies. Nor was this view architected by Mr. McKeown to "compensate for an earlier call to ghetto dwellers to give information on terrorism to the police." Both policies spring from the concern for nonviolence and a "justice that is seen to be just" which have been the hallmarks of this movement.

Second, contrary to Mr. McDowell's assertion, Mr. McKeown has at no time appeared on a pro-IRA platform in Dublin. Six months ago however, seven members of the Peace People Executive, including McKeown, Corrigan, and McLachlan, accepted an invitation to attend an assembly organized by the Relatives' Action Committee (who are the parents and friends of men doing time on H-Block). Mr. McKeown, at great personal risk, spoke for the delegation to the several hundred R.A.C. supporters. He explained the Peace People view that both emergency legislation in its present form and the dirty protest on the H-Block are acts of violence for which the Movement would continue to seek resolution. He also again called on people to give information on terrorism to the police.

Thirdly, it was disturbing to find Mr. McDowell casting aspersions on what he calls "philosopher kings" for their attempt to change Northern Ireland society's structure, on the grounds that political parties and churches had as yet failed to do so. Perhaps their failure to date is exactly the reason why there is room for the community politics and democratic nonviolence approaches which are the theory and backbone of the Peace Movement. The community politics idea, based on the Norwegian experience, is now espoused by at least one political party (Alliance) and considered a realistic alternative by most others. It matters not who puts these new structures into effect if they will work. But these notions, never actually identified in Mr. McDowell's piece, shouldn't be discarded simply because they are espoused by the Peace People.

Fourth, and for sure, money money money seems always to be an issue. Mr. McDowell is very welcome to review the certified annual accounts which detail the over 150 business, youth and community ventures to which funds were granted or loaned. It is true that Miss Corrigan retained some of the Nobel Prize money, *entirely* as a concession to Mrs. Williams's personal need to do so. Miss Corrigan gave all but $12,000 of that money away to a variety of needy cases. She is now living off the interest on the remaining funds, having given up her well paying job long ago to concentrate totally on the Peace Movement. Mr. McKeown and Miss Corrigan have never journeyed abroad except at the expense of their hosts and only for Peace People or Nobel business.

Last and most importantly, far from having "passed on" the Community of the Peace People is alive, well and still opposed to all purveyors of violence. A positive outgrowth of all the media war dancing over recent difficulties has been the composition of the fifteen-person

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Executive. With only two arguable exceptions it is a thoroughly grass-roots collection who believe, as housewife and mother of five Freda Lyness of Rathcoole put it, that they are "each equal parts of the Executive" and no longer to be bartered back and forth by too many words or superior education. Actions speak louder than words, seems to be the emerging motto. An ambitious program of work has been designed and executed by this group, including a variety of prison welfare schemes, a resettlement program, numerous sporting ventures for young persons, continuing sponsorship of seminars for various political groupings, the administration of five summer camps abroad for the most troubled fifteen- to nineteen-year-old age group, publication of a much respected peace fortnightly and numerous other tracts on philosophical and practical approaches to the everyday problems of violence.

I begin to think that journalists like Mr. McDowell would prefer that the Movement had in fact passed on, as they fail even to enquire about or compare its past and present programs. There is much that is positive about the Peace People these days—from the determination, pace, and patience of new Chairperson Mairead Corrigan to the commitment displayed by this new and working Executive. And if the membership were not genuine peace persons to begin with, they should certainly learn to be in order to survive the post-mortems such as Mr. McDowell's.

The Movement has removed its Chairman and lost the support of some of his "allies" as it were. But there are no allies or enemies in a real Peace Movement, and the Peace People are now more than ever dedicated to their first principle of "working with our neighbors near and far, day in and day out, to building that peaceful society in which the tragedies we have known are a bad memory and a continuing warning."

TOM FOLEY
(on leave from Yale Law School, working for the Peace People)
Community of the Peace People

The author replies

I am sorry Mr. Foley regards my article as carping and negative. Briefly, I endeavored to be positive about the Peace People's early days, but there is no escaping objective and rigorous criticism of its later development. Having put the positive points of the Movement at the front of my piece, I was obliged also to adopt a critical approach which would be accepted by most objective observers.

Mr. Foley attempts to correct my explanation of Mr. McLachlan's disappearance from the Peace Movement by saying the Peace People executive had a "unanimous lack of confidence in his leadership." I think that is a very sad and unfair comment on Mr. McLachlan stemming from the in-fighting which I described in the article.

As for emergency legislation not being an issue in this fiasco, that simply is not true. Mr. McKeown's appearance on the Relatives' Action Committee platform—an organization highly equivocal about the role of the I.R.A. I might point out—certainly raised eyebrows within and without the Peace People.

I believe my choice of the platonic phrase "philosopher-king" in the case of Mr. McKeown is wholly fair. One of the great difficulties of journalists and academics and others in deciphering and decoding what exactly was going on in the Peace People organization was Mr. McKeown's talent for obfuscating and complicating issues in a verbiage of sociologese-like rhetoric.

Mr. McKeown's discussion of community politics is one that is simply not clearly understood, or which seems not understandable or feasible. The Alliance Party—whose leaders would be, I would venture, just as constructively critical as I have been of the Peace People's progress—do believe in community politics, but in a rather more practical form.

I had no intention of slurring the Peace leaders in discussing the financial affairs of the Movement. I believe any financial dealings encountered were entirely above board. The point I was making was that their acceptance of the Nobel Prize money deeply affected their credibility in Northern Ireland.

Mr. Foley describes the Peace People as being alive and well. Let me quote my last paragraph: "The Peace People were rightly acknowledged abroad at their beginning and even now, *and their work lives on.*"

Finally, I emphasized that the Peace People are only *one* organization working for reconciliation in Northern Ireland—one of *many*.

It is positive indeed to see a young American such as Mr. Foley working for peace in Northern Ireland. I regret he sees my view of the Peace People as negative.

MICHAEL McDOWELL
Senior Fellow
Carnegie Endowment for Intl. Peace

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